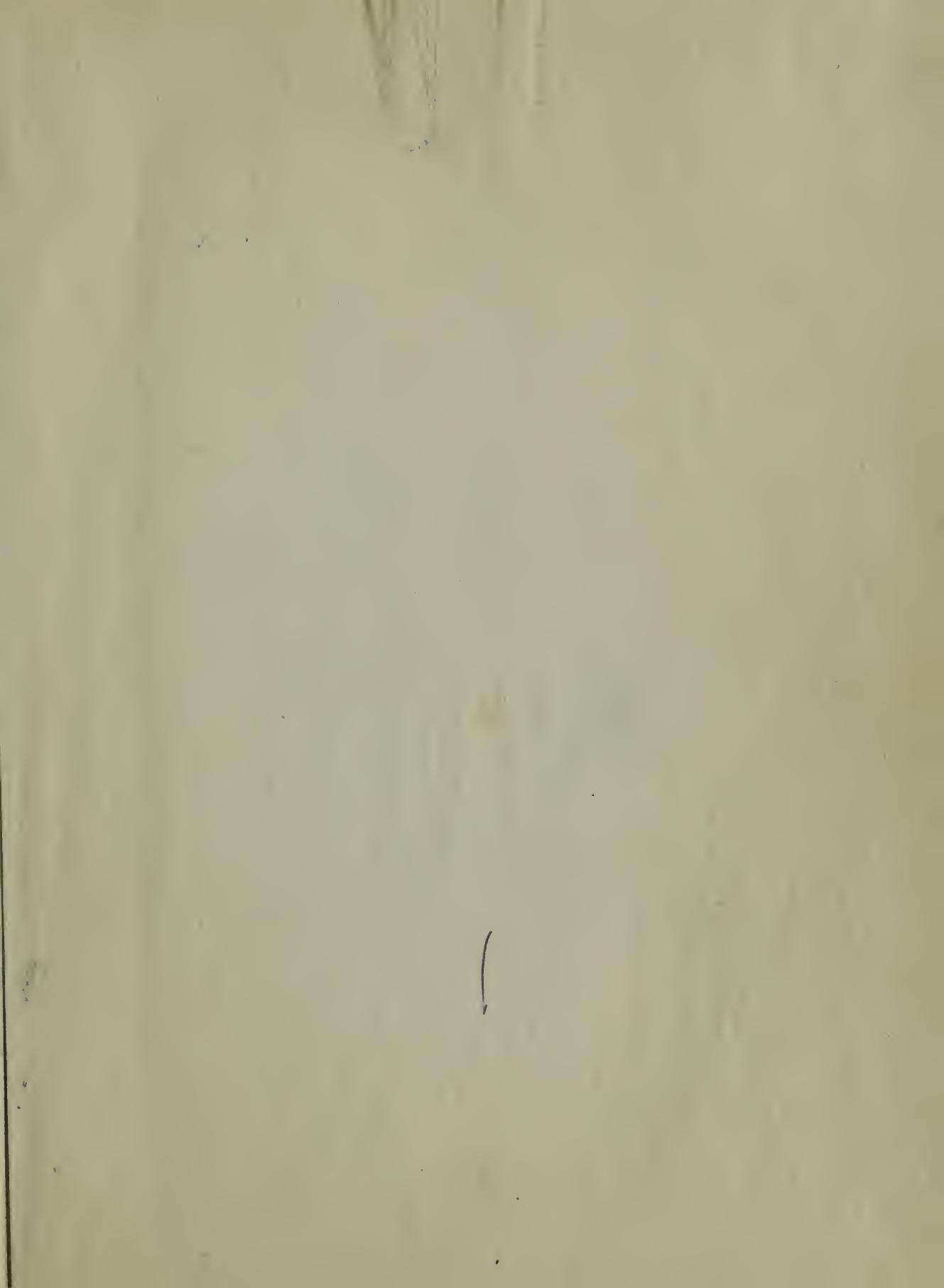


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INDIAN LEGENDS.

Indian Legends

By Pupils of Haskell Institute, United
States Indian Training School.



LAWRENCE, KANS.
HASSELL PRINTING DEPT.

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INTRODUCTION.

Like other primitive peoples, the Indian race has a rich heritage of legendary lore. Haskell Institute, a Government Indian School, located at Lawrence, Kansas, has enrolled Indian young men and women from 28 different States, embracing all those having Indian inhabitants, from North Carolina and New York on the east to California and Alaska on the west. More than eighty different tribes and bands have been represented, and practically every Indian locality and reservation.

These students, in their childhood days, heard the stories of their parents and grandparents, as they were related about the camp fires or in the homes. They have been encouraged by their teachers here to put these into written form, and this booklet is the result of an effort to select the best and most striking of their products.

**JOHN R. WISE,
Superintendent.**



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THE ORIGIN OF STONES.

By Katie Reed (Crow).



LONG time ago there were no stones on the earth. The mountains, hills and valleys were not rough and it was easy to walk on the ground swiftly. There were no small trees at that time. All the bushes and trees were tall and straight and were at equal distances apart, so that man could travel through without having to make a path for himself.

There was a large buffalo who roamed over this land. He had power to change anything into different forms. He got this power from the water. This power would be his as long as he drank from the water at a certain place. There was a large mountain over which the buffalo used to roam. The buffalo liked this mountain so one day he asked if it would like to something else besides a mountain. The mountain said it would like to be turned into something that no one would want to climb over. The buffalo said, "I will change you into a hard mountain which I will call a stone. You will be so hard that no one will want to break you, and your sides will be so smooth that no one will want to climb you."

So the mountain was changed into a large stone. The buffalo told the stone that it could change itself into anything so long as it remained unbroken.

In this part of the land there were no men; only buffalo lived here. The buffaloes knew that there were

men on the other side of the mountain who were cruel and killed animals, so they kept as far away from them as possible. But one day the buffalo thought he would go on to the other side of the mountain and see man. He wanted to make friends with him so that he would not kill buffaloes. He went over the mountain and soon came to a wigwam by a stream of water. In the wigwam lived an old woman and her grandson. When the little boy saw the buffalo he was very glad and told his grandmother to be good to him. The buffalo was pleased with the the old woman and her grandson, so he told them he would change them into anything they would like to be. The boy said he did not want to be changed into anything, but he wanted to become a swift runner. The grandmother said she wanted to be changed into something so that she could be with her son wherever he went. The buffalo said he would take the woman and the boy to the home of the buffalo. He would ask the buffaloes to teach the boy to become a swift runner, and he would ask the water to change the old woman into something which would enable her to be with her son always.

So the buffalo, the old woman and the boy went over the mountain to the land of the buffaloes. They said they would teach the boy to run swiftly if he would promise to keep his people from hunting and killing them. He promised that he would do so and the buffaloes taught him how to run so swiftly that not one of them could keep up with him. The water changed the old woman into wind, so she could follow her boy wherever he went.

The boy stayed with the buffaloes till he grew to be a man, and then he was permitted to go back to his own people. The boy was made the leader of the hunters because he was such a swift runner. One day the chief told him to go and hunt buffaloes. The tribe had never succeeded in killing buffaloes, because they could not keep up with them, they ran so swiftly. The chief told the boy that if he succeeded in getting some buffaloes he would adopt him as his son and make him chief in his place when he died. The boy's great ambition was to become a chief so he determined to get the buffaloes.

He started out with his followers and climbed the mountain so swiftly that he left his companions far behind. When the buffaloes saw the hunters they were frightened and began to run, but the boy kept up with them and killed most of them.

Now it happened that the great buffalo who got his power from the water was away, and while returning he became so thirsty that he drank of some water on the other side of the mountain. When he came back and saw what the hunters had done he became very angry and tried to turn them into grass so he could eat them, but he had lost his power because of the other water. He went to the stone and asked him what he could do to punish man for what he had done. The stone said: "I will ask the trees to entangle themselves together, so that it will be difficult for man to travel through them. Then I will break myself into many pieces and scatter myself all over the land so that the swift runner and his followers cannot run over me without hurting their feet."

So the stone broke itself into many pieces and scattered itself all over the land, so that when the swift runner and his followers tried to run over the mountain the stone cut their feet and the brushes scratched and bruised their bodies.

This is the Indians's story of how there came to be so many stones all over the earth.



A BLACKFOOT INDIAN STORY.

(By a former pupil.)

The Indians call this story "What the Old Man Did." I cannot express the Indian name of this story in English.

Once upon a time the old man was walking along a river. It was very hot and all he had was a buffalo robe. So he said that he didn't need this buffalo blanket any more because it was too hot to wear and too heavy to carry. So he gave it to a big rock. He covered the rock with this buffalo robe and went away. By and by he saw the clouds getting black and that it was going to storm. All that he had for a friend was a fox. He said to this fox: "Run over and get my blanket. It is on that big rock where we were along the river." So the fox ran over and told the rock that he came after the blanket. "Who wants the blanket?" said the rock. The fox said, "The old man." The rock told the fox "Anything that was given me shall not be taken back again."

The fox told the old man what the rock said. The

old man got mad and said: "I need that robe; it is going to rain; the rock doesn't need any blanket." So he went and got it. After he got about two miles he heard a curious noise and looked back. He saw the rock rolling after him. He ran up a high hill. The rock went up the hill. Then he ran down and the rock came down after him. He told the fox to run in a hole and the fox did. Then the old man saw a big hole just his size and he crawled in and the big rock came and blocked the hole. The old man stayed in the hole for three days—till the fox dug a hole big enough for the old man to crawl through. So he was safe at last. Then he went up the river. As he came near the stream he saw in the water some red berries. He was hungry; he had to have some; so he began to dive for the berries but did not succeed in getting any, so he said, "I have to have some." He went and got some rocks and cut strings from the robe, tied the rocks to his neck, legs and arms and plunged into the water. After a long time he tried to come up to the surface but the rocks kept him down. He struggled along till he came to the top. His stomach was full of water. He felt pretty sick; he laid down on his back and looked in the trees and saw the berries on the boughs overhead. The berries were over the water. He said to himself: "I was diving after the shadow of the berries, and I am nearly dead."

THE SEVEN HUNTERS.

By Ida Miller (Munsee.)

There is a story told about seven Indian hunters when our ancestors lived in the state of Indiana. Every winter they used to go down the Mississippi River and down to the southern states.

There were seven Indian hunters who loaded a canoe with bows, arrows, flour, clothing, tents, axes and such things as they might need for the four or five months that they were to be gone. They got in their canoes and paddled for the southern states.

When they got to the place where they were going, they pitched their tents on a rise of ground. One or two men were cooks at the camp for a week or two. Then other two men took their places while the others hunted. The men that were hunting were supposed to kill all the game, skin it and dry all the meat, which was cut into long strips.

One day the hunters went out to hunt again. They saw a large turtle by the lake. They thought they would have a little ride, so all got on the turtle's back. Their feet stuck to the turtle so that when they tried to pull loose they could not. The turtle crawled into the water and the men were drowned.

In the evening the cooks had their supper prepared, but the hunters did not come. The cooks thought maybe their game was too heavy to carry, so they waited for two or three days and yet the hunters did not return.

The cooks took a canoe and sailed back to their homes and told the people that the men were missing. There was an old man who had power over the water and when they told him he said he would find out. They took a canoe and went to the southern land where they had camped. The old man went to water's edge and called up a fish. He cut a piece of its flesh off and burnt it. He put the fish back into the water and said to it "You are not the one that killed the hunters." Then he called up the eel and cut a piece off its flesh. He burned it and said "You did not kill the hunters," so he let it go. He called the snake. He heard the waters roar and saw a large snake coming. He cut a piece of flesh off and burned it and said, "You can go; you are not the one." Then he called up the turtle which was guilty. It would not have come, but it had to as the man had power over the waters. So he cut a piece off its flesh and burned it. He said "You are the one that killed the hunters." Then he burned the turtle up and saved all the ashes from the animals he had burned.

Then they sailed back to their homes. When they got back the people were very glad to see them. He called a meeting of the people and put the ashes in small bags and gave a bag to each person. Before he gave the bags to them, he told them they could be whatever they wanted to be. Some said they wanted to be rich. Some said they wanted to be good looking. Some said they wanted to be brave warriors. One man said he wanted to rest.

After he had given all the bags away they went home.

They became what they wanted to be. This man that wanted to rest went to the camp and rested. The people soon became tired of him, so about two years after planned to take him to an island and leave him there. One man went after him; he came and these men told him they were going out camping and wanted him to go along.

When these men got to the island they went out hunting, but this lazy man stayed and slept all the time. The other two men got in their canoe and left him. When he awoke he saw nobody. Then a strange person appeared to him and told him that these men had left him and said "Tomorrow I will come after you in my own form. You must not get scared."

The next day this lazy man heard the waters roar. He went to the water and saw a large snake coming with horns like the largest trees. He said to the lazy man, "Get on the highest tops of my horns and I will take you home. You will become smart and you can kill any game you wish." He got on and the snake took him home. When he got home the people were very surprised to see him. He became the greatest hunter and warrior of the tribe. The people liked him after that. Finally he became chief of the tribe.

ORIGIN OF THE PINE TREE.

(By an old-time pupil.)

Many years ago when there were no pine trees on the land there lived an Indian who had a son. This little fellow was good and kind to his parents and always was willing to obey them. One day his father sent him into the woods to gather up fuel that they might burn. The youth was brave and strong and knew no fear.

As he was walking along in the thick woods he heard a voice calling him by name, "La-kah," which means "pine." He stopped and listened but could not hear anything but himself breathing. At last he started on again until he came to a brook, and on looking over its bank saw a toad. Stooping down to the toad the boy asked the toad if he knew something about the voice which he (the boy) heard in the woods. The toad told the boy that if he heard it again he should answer it saying "Tsick-in-im-mihoket," which is to say "Speak, my Good Spirit."

So the boy went on gathering wood, and on his way home he heard it again, and the little boy answered saying "Tsick-in-im-mihoket." This is what the spirit said to him: "In all the woodland that I have roved I have never found a boy like you, so I will change your life and make you live as a growing pine, but I will make you strong and large and each year you will grow until you are tall and straight. You will be taller than all the rest of the trees."

The spirit took him and planted him in the forest and the little tree grew and spread its arms and fingers upward. Many years it grew, and an old man I walking by and seeing the tree stopped and looked at it with wonder.

The tree was tall, straight and large. It waved its arms as it swayed back and forth. Soon the man stepped closer and in his wonder said, "I wonder what this is called." The tree whispered and said, "My name is, 'La-kah. The Good Spirit planted me here and said that after me there would be forests of tall pine, and that there will be plenty of wood for the little dear red children."

For many years the pine tree grew, and many more afterward.



WHY WE HAVE CYCLONES.

(By a former pupil.)

Once there were some Indians who wanted something to cool them off, so they discussed what to do. Finally the Indians began to come together and they camped in a place where they could have more room. One day an old Indian said: "I will tell you what we can do. Keep close to me and watch what I will do. Go, some one, and get me some mud from the river." So some women went and got some red mud from the river. "Everybody look now and see what I am doing. First

thing is the red mud I have in my hand. We will make it in a shape like this," and he made a very ugly animal, the head first, then put on four legs and a long tail. "Now watch and see what I made. I will blow and after that all of you people blow. Now, look, everybody. Use your muscles when I say, 'Be big now,' and do what you can." Then the old man said: "Red mud, show us, please, what you can do on this earth. We are so smothered. Now, go."

Up and up in the air he flew like a bird. People began to cry, and everybody was running about. They said: "Please, good cyclone, stay! Stop on the earth!"

He flew like a wild, fierce horse. He jumped up and down over again and said "Ah, ha! old man, see what you have done." "See what you have done; you let the ugly thing go," said those on earth. So the old man called the ugly thing and said: "People are crying and you tear down trees; you blow too much. Please come to me. I will make you over again." So the ugly thing came down and the clouds became as black as a crow.

"It is too windy on this earth," cry again the people. "You are ugly; you are crazy and wild. We will make you better than this," said the old man. So he made the clay in the shape of a wild horse, then said: "Now cyclone, again you go and let us see you." He went up in the air. "Now we can be cool, hereafter," said the old Indian.

The people, still crying, called out: "Please, please, cyclone, you can go now and do not ever come again; stay up in the sky."

"All right," said the cyclone. "I'll do what you tell me." So up he flew. That is the reason we see in the

clouds the head of a horse with a tail like a snake. To this day you will see him in the sky just the way they made him. When the Indians see him coming they run out and cry: "Please jump over us and don't blow us away with your breath."

So to this day Indians are not afraid of cyclones like the white people.



HOW A BOY GOT TO THE LAND OF SPIRITS.

By Ada Yellew Fish (Comanche).

An old man once lived in a little hut with his little son. Every day his son would go out hunting. One day his son went to sleep by the river and he had a very nice dream about how he became a chief and a good hunter. So he went again the next morning and went toward the east where he met a big snake. The snake told him if he would get him some kind of animal to eat, he would let him pass through the water which was very deep. So the boy ran and killed a bird and gave it to the snake who said he could pass. He went on and on until he came to a little tent by the river. He was very tired and hungry. He went in and made himself at home. He stayed there all day and waited till some one might come. Nobody came and he thought he would stay there all night, so he did.

The next morning he had his breakfast and thought he would leave. As he was walking along the road he

heard some one calling him by his name. He stopped to see who it was. He saw no one so he took a few steps, then he heard the same word again.

He came back home again and told his father all about what he did and what he had seen. His father told him that he had been in the land of the spirits and told him to go again and see if he could find his mother there.

He went to try his luck again; he went in the same road which he went before. He heard singing and dancing and he thought he would sit down and listen to them. He heard some one calling him; he looked around and saw his mother standing beside him. She took him and showed him all the things around there. When he went back he told his father that he had seen his mother in the land of spirits. So the Indians say to their children and the men and women not to be afraid when they are dying because they will be happy when they get to the land of the spirits.

This is told by one of the old Indians and now the old Indians are nearly all gone. Maybe they are now in the land of the spirits.

THE FOX AND THE BEAR.

By Amelia Stevens (Nez Perce).

When I was small my grandmother used to tell me this story: The two chiefs, the fox and the bear, were camping together with their companies. Each had a company under his rule.

They were having good times while camping together; after a while the food began to get scarce. They couldn't kill any game because they were animals themselves. They lived on roots and fruits. Fox was a wise chief and the bear was lazy and didn't do any work; just made announcements to his company telling them to look for food. Fox had three wives. They were different races or tribes. One of them was a duck, another was a frog and the one he loved best was a cricket and had a beautiful voice. Chief Bear had but one wife and he had two children, or daughters. One early morning Chief Fox went out hunting for food, but he couldn't find anything.

One day Chief Bear made an announcement to all the different kinds of animals. He said this; "Tomorrow morning I want you young fellows to go hunting for deer. The first fellow who brings me a deer can have my daughters for his wives." Chief Fox heard this. In the evening he went out hunting for deer for the next morning so he could just come and get it and be the first fellow to bring a deer to the chief. He killed one and put it in a certain place. When the next morning came he

was anxious. He went right straight to the place where he had that deer. When he came to this place he could not find it for a long time, until sunrise, then he found it. He took it home, then went right to the Chief's place. He passed his place. He wouldn't notice his three wives. When he came to the Chief's someone had brought a deer already, and he took his back to his wives.

So they say "Cheating won't work." The rest I forget.



THE GIRL AND THE FOX.

By William Firethunder, (Sioux).

A long time ago the Sioux used to travel from the Missouri River to the Black Hills. One time as they were making this journey a young girl of sixteen was lost in the Bad Lands. As they must go on they did not take time to look for her.

After the people left the girl came back to the camp ground and stayed around there wondering where she was going to sleep that night. When night came she went up on a hill. She met a number of coyotes and among them was a gray wolf. He was the leader of these animals and they must obey him. When this young girl saw the wolf she went up to him and asked him to save her. The wolf showed his sympathy by asking

her to come to their den or house, and said that they would take care of her.

She went along with them till they came to a big rock on the side of the hill. This was their home. The animals went in and she followed them. There was a big cave under this rock. The wolf told her to sleep in the largest bed, which was a layer of rock on the side wall of the cave. For quilts there was sage and tall grass.

The next morning the coyotes went out hunting and brought her back a young deer alive. Every day they brought back something for her to eat and for the wolf also. She would take the hide off of the buffaloes and tan them. When winter came she had all she needed to keep her comfortable.

The coyotes also brought her cooking utensils. They brought in knives, buckets, and other things that the people had lost.

She lived with these animals for a long time. One day a coyote came in and said to her: "Your people are camped at the same place going east." The following morning as she sat upon the great rock she saw a man coming toward the cave. She got up and walked inside. She said to herself quickly: "If those people should find out where these animals live they might kill them." So she went out to meet the man and asked him to save the animals. She told him the story.

The man went back to the camp and told the people what he had seen. So the people gathered around the cave and prayed for these animals and gave offerings to

them. They took the girl back to her parents and she lived with them once more.

This is a true story. The woman is still living on the Rosebud reservation in South Dakota.



NI-NI-BO-SHO.

By Ethel Sullivan (Chippewa).

Once when Ni-ni-bo-sho was roaming in the woods he met a deer who had a bow and arrow. Said Ni-ni-bo-sho "Let me see your fine bow and arrow." The deer hesitated at first but finally let Ni-ni-bo-sho take the bow and arrow. After looking at them for a few minutes he asked the deer where was the softest part in his head. "My forehead, of course," said the deer. In another instant the deer laid at Ni-ni-bo-sho's feet.

Ni-ni-bo-sho built a fire and cooked his deer. When he began to eat, a tree near by screamed so loud that Ni-ni-bo-sho got so angry that he told the tree to keep still while he ate. But the tree kept it up and finally Ni-ni-bo-sho got up to hit the tree; but the tree held his hand fast to the bough the moment he laid it there. While he was hanging on the bough some hungry wolves ran close by and Ni-ni-bo-sho shouted to them and said "My brothers, don't go that way," while pointing towards where the deer lay.

When the tree had given some advice to Ni-ni-bo-sho

he let him go but told him to be careful lest he should fall into trouble again.

When Ni-ni-bo-sho returned he found his meat all gone (his brothers had eaten it all up). Only a few bones lay here and there. Looking on he soon found the head, but that as well as the bones could not be eaten. After much trouble he found that the wolves had not eaten the brain, but how he was to get it he knew not. When he thought it over he changed himself into a little snake and crawled through a hole into the head. But when he tried to come out he found that he had grown larger while he was eating.

What was he to do? He called aloud for help but none came. By and by he raised himself up and found that the head was very light. So he ran and after a while he ran against a tree. "Who are you?" asked Ni-ni-bo-sho. "I am Pine," said the tree, "and grow in the thick woods." About five minutes later he ran against another tree. "Who are you?" asked he again. "I am Ash," the tree said, "and grow near the water." "A-ha!" thought Ni-ni-bo-sho. "I'm near water," and no sooner had he said it than he felt himself swinging in the air and was soon getting wet. He had fallen from a high and steep cliff and so he could not get on dry land again. On and on he swam.

Some Indians were out hunting when they saw something that looked more like a deer than anything else. "Deer! Deer! Deer!" they all shouted and towards the deer they steered their birch-bark canoes.

On and on swam Ni-ni-bo-sho and so hard was he swinging that when he swam against a rock the head he

was in broke and fell to pieces. Ni-ni-bo-sho changed himself back into his own form and laughed at the Indians for their blindness.

"Let's go back," said they, "it was only Ni-ni-bo-sho."



HOW LONELINESS CREATED PRAIRIE DOGS.

By Sherman Bourrassa (Potawatomie).

During the time I was in New Mexico, about a year after I had come there, I went out hunting with some boys. After we had hunted for a good while we came into an Indian village. We went to a camp and got our meals after which we began to tell stories. The owner of that camp was a man named Augustean. He was an old man and he is the one that told me this story:

Many, many summers ago before the white men came there used to be a good man; the people did not know where he came from. He was always hunting and fishing, and liked to be alone.

One day while he was a long ways from home, a little bear started out of the brush in front of him. He chased the bear for a long time; finally it ran into a cave by a spring. The man whose name was Loneliness followed it, but just as he passed the spring a huge monster caught him and pulled him into the spring. He stayed there a long time. After the people had mourned him as dead, and had forgotten him, he came into

camp and told them what had happened to him. The people only laughed at him and called him a liar, and said: "You are telling too much to believe." After they had done him this way he told them he would pay them back sometime, not with wickedness but goodness.

He then went away and was not seen again. He was in the monster's control and so he had to go back to the spring and go and study magic.

Many summers afterwards a great famine came. There was nothing to eat. The Indians began to die off and fade for the want of food.

This man saw this and he wondered how he could save the people he loved. He thought he would ask the monster, who was a magician, if he would help him. He at least made up his mind that he would steal the magician's rolls of bark and find out how his friends could be saved.

At night when the magician was sound asleep, the Indian crept out of his lodge and into the magician's camp. When he got there he took some roots and laid them across the magician's mouth which would make it impossible for him to wake up.

The Indian then got the rolls of bark and began to study. At last he found out that the magician had planned out all of this and that it was he whom he had to outwit in saving his friends. He looked closer and found in the corner of a small piece of bark some writing which said: "In my belt there is an arrow which when you shoot it into the air will bring a lot of little animals." The Indian then laid some more roots over the magician's mouth and then took off his belt. He found a little arrow

about a foot long. He seized this and ran out into the world.

He shot this arrow a good many times, then broke it in pieces so that another spell could not be laid over him.

He then killed plenty of the little animals, which he called the prairie dogs, because they sounded like real dogs. He took the dogs to the dying Indians and so saved them. After the Indian men had got stronger, he took them to the place where the prairie dogs were and showed them how to kill them and keep them from going into the holes in the ground.

So the men killed plenty for there were many, many of them. When they got home the man, Loneliness, told them his story. The Indians all were glad and begged forgiveness for the wickedness they had done him.

So the Indians now have the prairie dogs to eat and are not in much danger of starving. The Indians still remember that Loneliness created the prairie dogs.

SUPERSTITIONS OF INDIANS.

ROY HINMAN (Ponca).—Some Indians are very superstitious in their beliefs. They say it isn't good to be alone by yourself in a house where some one has died, or where some one had been killed or lived long ago.

There was once a man who had just got through eating at an Indian council and they were all going home. This man went through a small creek and up the hill through a corn field. He thought he heard somebody call his name in Indian. He looked around, but he didn't see anybody, so he went on his way. About this time the sun was away out in the west shining as bright as could be. When he got over a fence there came a small lump of dirt in front of him, but he just kept on going. Pretty soon there were lots of these lumps of dirt thrown at him and he almost got hit, so he stopped and looked around, but there wasn't anybody in sight. He thought to himself and said in his mind, "What is the matter with me; am I out of my head or what?"

Of course he wasn't afraid of this thing because it was yet day, but the dirt came from every direction at him so he ran. He got to a road and across this was a house and barn. He ran to the house, but there wasn't anybody there so he went in the barn. Just as he got in two lumps of clay were thrown in, then the throwing stopped. He thought over this thing, then he said he was a man and he picked the two lumps of clay up and went out and started for his home,

He told the story to some old chiefs and they said

the place he was crossing used to be a dancing or camping ground a long time ago. This is why some of the Indians don't like to travel in a place like this.

NELSON WAULS (Choctaw).—This is a story which the old Indians used to tell me very often. A long time ago when the water was dried up in the springs, or anywhere that they could not get any water, the Indians used to whip these little frogs which live under the bark of a tree—not the water frogs, but the little frogs which are green looking and about the size of a man's finger. When the weather is dry these frogs certainly do make a noise under the bark of trees. It is said that means it is going to rain within three days. If a person whips too hard on these green frogs it is said a big storm will come upon him and destroy his property or kill the person who whipped the frog. Also the old Indians say if you knock down the mud which these little green fellows build along the swampy places it will bring a good rain and hail. I have seen the mud along the swampy places where the frogs built it up. This mud is about four or five inches above the ground and built round and sharp-pointed.

Another story our Indians tell is about a wolf. If a person wants to raise lots of hogs they say he must call the wolf "Good Uncle," and then the wolf will not try to kill the hogs. It says "This is my good friend's hog," and goes around the hog. But if the people call it "wolf," the wolf will sure kill the hog at once, because wolves do not like to be called by their names. So if people want

to raise lots of hogs they must call the wolf "Good Uncle" and not say "Wolf, wolf, wolf."

JACOB SPOKOGEE (Creek).—Old people tell us when we go out hunting we must be very careful and get what is worth killing. Then when we bring what we killed back home we are not allowed to eat it. We are allowed to eat what we kill after that, but not the first one we kill, because they say if we do we can never have any luck in hunting.

MARY HORSECHIEF (Ponca).—The Indians don't believe in putting shoes on a dead body, because they say they can not find their way into heaven, because of their shoes. They don't bury them with their heads to the east because they say they ought to rise with the sun the first morning after death, and go to the land of the hereafter.

ABBIE McDONALD (Ponca).—The Indians say that if a family is in mourning they should not cry in the house but cry outside, because if they cry inside the family will die off quickly. After death they put something to eat on the graves, because they think that the dead ought to take along something to eat. If they don't have anything to eat they will not go to the land of the hereafter, but will stay around the house. When you are asleep they say they will come around and tell you in your dream that they are hungry, and they will not leave until they carry something to eat. The women cut off their hair to show how dearly they love him or her.

They mourn for them for one year. Every now and then things to eat are placed at the head of the graves.

PABLO NARCHA (Papago).—One of the superstitions that I can plainly remember of being told many times when I was a little boy was that I must eat a part of all that nature provided for us. For instance if I did not eat the fruit of giant cactus, onions and potatoes, I would not be saved when we have another flood.

Another superstition that all the children are careful about is that they don't step in the track of a snake because they say that harm will come to you if you step in the snake's track. Some say the same of the bear's track. Never step in its tracks because it will harm you.

ZADA HARRIS (Choctaw).—If a girl combs her hair after the sun sets the Indians say she will have bad luck.

They say if you kill the first snake you see in the spring you have conquered your enemies.

They also think you will have bad luck if you manicure your fingers nails on Sunday.

PETER LENA (Creek and Seminole).—The Indians like to kill snakes on Sunday. When they kill a snake they usually say "I will get credit for killing that snake on Sunday." Whenever they see a snake they will try their best to kill it and not let it get away. They think of snakes as being workers for the devil, and when you kill a snake on Sunday Indians think you have made up

for what you have done wrong, or part of what you have done wrong during your life. So killing snakes on Sunday is not wrong by any means, even if you do not get credit for it.

ALLEN HUNT (Pueblo).—Whenever Indians hear a coyote barking at night, they say that it will rain soon.

Some day you want to look at the sun in the morning and when you see a dusty ring around the sun the Indians say it will be a windy day.

The Indians think that killing of the frog is not good at all because they think they are some relation to the water spirits by living in water. If you kill a frog you are liable to be struck by the lightning.

My old grandma used to say that it was dangerous to live in a new house. I don't know why.

The Indians say whenever it rains they believe that there are people living on these clouds and when these people start to play with water, throwing it at each other, they make it rain.

They believe that when the Indians die they go to the "Wae-ne-ma-chz," as they call the "land of the hereafter." They say it's a place where it will always be summer and where there are forests for hunting.

LAURA MURRAY (Sioux).—The old Indians believe that whenever any person dreams about lightning and thunder, that is a sign that he is going to get killed by it some time soon. If he wishes to die some other way

he has to tell some great Indian about it—what persons or things were there and also the place.

What I am writing about happened one afternoon during a celebration. It was a middle-aged woman who had dreamed about lightning and thunder, and this is what I saw. There was an old woman and three men in it. They had a tent put up on a little hill and fatted a calf for this great occasion. The women were dressed in their Indian costumes, and also the men. Their faces and arms were painted with bright colors. They were all in the tent except one of the men who built a fire the way they used to before they ever saw matches. After he built the fire he killed the calf; then he cleaned it and put it in a kettle over the fire with meat in it. In the meantime the people in the tent were dancing and singing. When the meat was done the men came out of the camps and stuck their hands in the kettle, took out pieces of meat and ran in all directions. The man that came towards us had a long string tied back of him and a little ball at the end of it and he said that the devil was chasing him. He jumped over some men sitting on the ground. While this was going on the first woman came out of the tent and stood facing the sun and sang to it.

That was the last of it, so I don't know whether the woman died in another way or not.

Whenever anyone is killed by lightning the old Indians believe that this person has dreamed about it, but did not do his part.

THE BOY WHO BECAME A SNAKE.

By Joseph McCombs (Creek).

The Indians tell a story of a sad thing that happened to an Indian boy. He and his brother was very fond of hunting. One day the two boys asked their father if they could go hunting for a week or two. The good father let them go for a week and told them to be sure and come back then. The boys promised and went on their journey.

The next day one of the boys went out first to see what he could find, but the other stayed at the camp till in the afternoon. The other boy got back and told of all the things he had seen. But this boy was very fond of eggs and while he was out he saw an egg, but did not touch it then. He intended to wait and get it for himself. The older brother had seen this egg while out hunting and he knew what it was. When he came back to the camp he told about it. The younger brother said: "Let me get the egg and cook it," but the other boy said, "No; for it may be a snake egg." The little brother still wanted the egg, so he thought the next time his brother went out hunting he would get it, cook it and eat it before the other one knew anything about it.

One day the older brother went out hunting again, but the little one said, "I will stay and rest a little while before I go." After his brother was out of sight the little boy said "Now for the egg." He went and got it, cooked and ate it, and the big boy didn't know about it

and when he came home they went to bed just as usual.

The next morning the little boy began to change into a snake, beginning with his feet. He called to his brother to wake up and go home and tell his folks what had happened to him. "But before you go," he said, "take me the to pond where there is water. When you come back throw a stick into the water and I'll know that you are all here to see me." Then the poor little fellow told his brother to go and never look back till he said so.

So the older brother went ahead and never looked back till the little fellow said "Look back and see me." When the older boy looked back he saw that his brother was already changed into a snake. His body was like that of a big snake; he had a horn like a goat, and a tail so long that the boy could not see the end of it.

"Go on, brother," said the snake, "and bring our father and mother, and when you come I will be in the water here." The big boy went on, feeling very lonesome for his little brother whose fault had been punished in such a sad way.

When he got home and told his father and mother the bad news they went weeping on their way to the pond. When they got there they threw a stick in the water and the snake-boy came with his long round body and a horn on his head. The father and mother wept, but could do nothing to help their son.

From that day up to this time the Indians believe that any snake in the water that has a horn on his head is the little boy and is the strongest snake in the world.

But the Indians are not afraid of him, because the snake himself is an Indian.

This is what the Indians say about this snake: He lives in the deepest water and has power enough to make the rise without rain. Haven't you ever noticed a river rise without rain? This snake has a horn like a goat. The end of the horn is blue, and when this snake moves it around that causes lightning and thunder.



THE ORIGIN OF THUNDER.

By Jesse Tibbetts (Chippewa).

This is the story told by some of the old Indians in Minnesota about how thunder started.

Once upon a time three Indians went hunting. They walked for three days and nights, but could see neither game nor forests. They finally came to a tall tree and one of the hunters climbed to the top of its branches in order to look for game. From the tree top an Indian path led to a tepee in the clouds. He at once told his companions to follow him, which they did. On arriving at the tepee they entered and joined other Indians who were smoking pipes around a fire in the middle of the tepee.

After talking for a while they had a feast and then all went out hunting together. They saw a lot of game

and killed all they needed. They did a lot of shooting that day and the Indians on the earth heard the report of their guns. Even to-day the Indians believe when they hear it thunder that those Indians are hunting again in the "happy hunting ground."

One Indian on returning to earth told the other Indians that when it thunders if they wish it to stop they must smoke during the time it thunders or put some tobacco on the stump of a tree and mutter some words in Indian. Some of the Indians of to-day do this every time it rains or thunders.

The Chippewa Indians of northern Minnesota are very superstitious, and the old Indians tell their grandchildren startling stories of their younger days.



INDIAN AND WHITE MAN.

By John Bosin (Kiowa).

Once upon a time an Indian named Sane-day met a white man. The white man said: "Sane-day, I hear you can cheat anybody you want to. Now cheat me if you can." But this Indian said: "No, no, my friend; I left my cheating medicine over the third hill over there." The white man said: "Cheat me without it;" but old Sane-day said: "No, I can't." This white man kept on saying it, so old Sane-day said: "I'll tell you what I'll do,

my friend. Lend me your horse and I'll run over and get it and come back; then I'll show you I can cheat."

At first he wouldn't do it, but finally consented to let him ride his horse. The Indian started, but pulled the rein on the other side where the white man couldn't see, so the horse stopped. Then Sane-day said: "Lend my your hat; he doesn't know me." So this white man did. He started and did the same thing again, when he asked him for his coat, then his shirt. In fact all his clothes—his shoes and everything he had. Then the Indian started, went a little ways, pulled the horse, stopped a little while, started again, then he looked back, smiled and said in a very polite way: "Mr. White Man, see without my medicine I cheated you just the same."

He started again and never came back, and he never returned what he borrowed to get his medicine. So the white man got cheated.

THE DIPPER.

By Baldwin Dautobi (Kiowa).

This story is one which my mother told me, and my grandmother told it to her:

Once upon a time some Indians were camping in a certain place. There were seven girls and one boy. These eight children went off to play and forgot to tell their father and mother where they were going. They went quite a distance from the camp. Finally the oldest sister said, "I know what we will play. We will play the catching bear." One of the sisters said, "Who will be the bear?" The little girl knew something was going to happen to her, so she said, "Let somebody else be bear, I don't want to;" but they said, "Please be bear." Finally the little girl said, "I will be bear if none of you can." The others said, "Do not bite us too hard when you catch us." "Well, get ready," she replied.

Soon they got their little home ready and the play started. At first the little girl did not bite them too hard, but after a while they began to get scared. One of the little sisters said, "Please do not bite us so hard." By this time the little girl was turning into a real bear, but they did not know it yet. The bear said, "When I catch one of you I will bite you hard and you will die." The others knew now that their sister was a real bear, so they ran to tell their folks what had happened. Every Indian in that valley was getting scared, for the bear was getting worse and worse and no one could make her

stop. They tried to kill her, but they could not, so the bear destroyed everything in her way. She killed many Indians and after a while everything in that part of the world. She went to look for her sister and brother. These sisters and brother, who were trembling with fear, lay hiding in a rock cave near the mountain. They could hear her roar. Finally the brother peeped out to see if she was coming. They were so scared that for a while they could not come out; then finally they came out. By this time the bear was worse than ever and she said, "I know where you are hiding," and went straight where they were. When they saw the bear coming they ran up on top of the high mountain. The bear said, "You are not going to live. It is all your fault. I told you before we started to play, and now see what you have done."

But the children said, "Please do not kill us. We are your sisters and brother; please." The bear would not listen to them, so they climbed up on the highest mountain. Then they said, "Now you cannot kill us."

The bear ran a little farther from the mountain and jumped up. She almost reached them. The second time she jumped she got her paws on the edge of the mountain, so they said, "We are all going to die now; what shall we do?" Then the children said, "Good mountain, help us to get away from this fierce bear. She is going to kill us." So the mountain said, "All right;" and began to move. It got taller and taller slowly, till it reached the sky. Still the bear kept on jumping and would almost reach them, though it was so high

that every time she jumped she fell from one side to the other.

By and by the mountain reached the sky and the children said, "What shall we do; are we going to stay on top of this mountain? If we go down there she will kill us." So the girls cried, but the brother said, "I know where we will go. Let us see what is up here;" and they all went into the sky, and if you look for the stars called the "dipper" you will see the seven children.



THE MAN WHO BECAME A FISH.

By Walter Carlin (Sioux).

Once upon a time along the banks of the Grand River in Dakota there camped a large number of Indians for the winter. As there was lots of wild game in that part of the country the Indians had picked the place to make their winter camp. In this encampment there was a rather old man who was disliked by all his tribe. Although he was kind and good-hearted he was shunned by everyone except his relatives. One day as he was thinking it over he decided to go and talk to the Great Spirit. It was a custom in those days that when anyone wanted to communicate with the spirits he would go out some place by himself and fast for three days and nights, and on the third night the spirits would come.

This man went way out in the hills and stayed there the three days and three nights. On the third night the Spirit appeared in the form of a fish with legs and arms. The Indian told his troubles to the Spirit. He asked the Spirit to give him power to bring revenge on his tribe. After a long talk the Spirit told him to go home and on the seventh day after that night to be down at the river before sunrise. He told this man that he would meet him there and he was to follow him into the river and he would become a fish like him, then he could do as he wished.

The man went home and told his relatives what had happened. He told them that he was going to destroy all his tribe except his relatives, and for them to come down to the river where he was to meet the Spirit and he would save them.

Before sunrise on the seventh day he went down to the river and there he saw the Spirit. He followed the Spirit into the river and he also became a large fish with legs. As he moved about he grew longer and longer until he was very long. He crawled upon the bank and when he bent his back his tail reached around the encampment and back to his nose. When the people in the camps saw this they became frightened, but they could not get out. After some time his relatives came to the river where he had told them to come, and as that was where his head and tail met he let them pass out. After all his relatives were out of danger he straightened his back slowly, destroying everybody. After he had straightened out he turned to rock, and there is now a long rough ridge of stone where this is supposed to have taken place.

A PAPAGO TRADITION.

By a Former Papago Pupil.

Away back in the beginning of the world there was but nothingness. All was just darkness, and the same darkness became a thick mass in which a spirit formed itself. It was afterwards called God, or Tei-as. There was no place nor a thing on which the Spirit could hang or stand still, but afterwards he did stand still by his own power. He pulled out four of his hairs and made a cross, pointing from east to west and from north to south, and the other two he put midway between them. He took a grain of dust from his person and put it in the center and thus wrought the foundation of the earth.

The Spirit created man in his likeness and called him Earth Doctor, who increased the size of the world. He went around and found the weak places of the earth, so he made a spider and commanded him to weave a web all around the world, which he did. Afterward he made dolls of clay and mud and commanded them to become alive, and they obeyed.

This was the first of the human race to be created, but these dolls were much deformed. Some had one leg, others had immense ears and others had flames of fire in their knees. For a time he was dissatisfied and burned them. He then made a second race of people, which was more like men you see today. Their number was increased, and in time there was not enough

food for them to live on or water to drink, so God went to the Earth Doctor and asked him what he thought about the people. God gave his idea to the Earth Doctor, saying that they would send some kind of disease that would destroy some of them, to reduce their number, so they may live better. The Earth Doctor was mad at the idea and made some insulting remarks to God, but he went away with his idea of sending disease among them and did so shortly afterwards, killing some as he had planned, and there was great mourning.

The Earth Doctor did not like it and made a plan to destroy them the second time. He told the people there would be a flood that would destroy all the people. People came to ask the Earth Doctor how they might do that they might be saved and not drowned, but he refused to save anybody; but when a coyote came he told him that he might cut a reed and seal each end of it after he got inside of it, which he did. They agreed that whoever should first step out on the land after the flood should be the ruler of the country.

The Earth Doctor made a jar in which he stayed during the flood. When the water had gone down he came out from the jar or olla and stepped on the land, therefore he was the ruler from that time. But though the coyote came out last he claimed that he was the chief ruler and made the Earth Doctor as his younger brother, but the Earth Doctor showed him that he was the ruler. Therefore the Earth Doctor from that time is brother or Si-i-her which means Elder Brother.

With the coyote's help Si-i-her made a third race of

people who lived somewhere between Gila and Salt Rivers. After a time the Earth Doctor talked to the people saying that there will be some kind of destruction come upon them either by flood or some other way, but if they would go to the top of Crooked Mountain they might have a chance to be saved. This the people did.

The ocean rose and rivers and springs were rapidly rising higher and higher. When the water was about to go over the huge mountain the mountain raised itself higher by the power of the Earth Doctor, who sang a song every once in a while.

At last the Earth Doctor knowing that if the people were destroyed the water would go down, told them that he had no power whatever to save them and that they must lose their lives. He told the dog to go and see how far the tide of the water was coming. The dog went and when he returned he spoke in a human voice, saying that the water was very near to the top. At the same time the people turned to stones. If anyone should climb the Crooked Mountain he would see the stones in the form of people and their attitude at the very moment when the dog came having the voice of a human being.

After the water had gone down the Brother, or Earth Doctor, found that all the other people were drowned, so he made a fourth race of people which still exists today.

NOTE—Crooked Mountain is located near Sacatan, Arizona.

THE CHIPMUNK.

By George Williams (Yakima).

Once upon a time there lived in a little Indian village a chipmunk and his grandmother. This little chipmunk was noisy and often his grandmother would tell him not to make so much noise while in the woods alone. But the little chipmunk would not obey, or rather could not get along without making a noise. Every morning in the summer time he would go out and roam around in the woods and wherever he found berries of any kind he would climb the tree. While eating the berries he found it hard to keep quiet so he would sing and in this way he enjoyed his berries a good deal better.

In the evenings he would go home and carry some water to his grandmother so she could get him some supper. After supper he made his grandmother tell him some stories until he fell asleep.

One evening his grandmother was telling him a story about some giants that lived in the woods, but the chipmunk did not believe her. He said "I've roamed around in the woods two or three years and all this time did not see a giant nor hear of one."

This giant was supposed to always roam in the woods. Once in awhile he would come into some little village but would not bother anybody. The way this story is told the giant always packed some kind of a bag that was fireproof. In this bag there were some heated rocks. The object of these heated rocks was to cook

his meals wherever he found them. This giant must have had some kind of magic for he did not build a fire to heat his rocks, but they were always hot. One day the little chipmunk went out as happy and full of mischief as ever before. While wandering in the woods he thought that he would go a little further into the forest and see if he could see any trace of giants for he longed to see one. While going through the woods right close to a high bluff he saw some fruit which looked very inviting to him so he climbed the tree. While eating the fruit he made a louder noise than ever, partly for enjoyment and partly to see if he could bring some giant near him.

Now it happened that a giant lived in this bluff who heard him and went to see who was making so much noise near his home. The giant came slowly and noiselessly and the chipmunk did not know about his presence until the giant spoke to him and told him in a nice and friendly way to get off the tree for fear he might fall. But the little chipmunk saw him and knew that it was one of the giants so did not obey him. He stayed there a long time trying to coax the little chipmunk to come down so he could catch him and have a good meal.

Along toward evening the chipmunk got tired of waiting for him to go away so he made some kind of a plan to get away. He broke some branches from the tree and threw them into some bushes near by while the giant was not looking. The giant sprang after them, but finding it was not the chipmunk looked up and saw no trace of Mr. Chipmunk.

Looking around he finally saw him running toward his home. The giant took after him and was just about to overtake him when the chipmunk reached his house. As he was running into his house the giant made a grab for him.

The white marks on the chipmunk's back are finger marks of the giant, and are there to this day.



WHY THE INDIAN DOES NOT SHOW SUFFERING.

By James Sumpter (Choctaw).

My uncle has often told me this story, and told me whatever I did to try to live up to it.

There once lived an Indian woman and man who had a beautiful little baby. The baby was just learning to walk and talk, and a very beautiful baby she was. One day the father and mother were skinning a deer, and while they were there they got into a dispute over which one loved the child the most. After many days of quarreling they decided to prove their love by cutting themselves with their knives. And the one that could stand the most was the one who loved the child the most. So one day they took their knives and went into the woods, where no one could see them. They then started to cutting. They cut and cut, not knowing what dan-

ger they were in and neither one showed what pain they were suffering. At last they fell dead.

This is why the Indians to this very day do not show much, if any, suffering when they are in distress.



THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER.

By a Pupil.

Once upon a time there lived a beautiful Indian lady. She was the only girl they had in the family, and also was a chief's daughter. As all the Indians lived in a circle they had her to live in the middle of the circle. Every night a boy used to come to see her. One night he asked her to go home with him and marry him the next night. So she said she would; but she didn't tell her folks she promised him that.

When the evening came, as she was sitting in her tepee waiting for that boy, somebody called her from outside. So she thought it was the boy that called her. He was standing by her door, and when she went out he asked her to go home with him. As she thought he was that boy, she went with him.

She had a little young beaver for her pet, and took him along with her. They went away after everybody was asleep. They went quite a distance and they came to a wide river. The man told the girl to get on his back so he could carry her across the river, but she didn't want to get on his back or either cross the

river. The man said if she didn't get on his back he would drown her, so she said she would. When she got on his back she saw another face on the back of his head.

This man was what they called "Anonk-ite," which means "Two-face." These men were very cruel, and everybody was afraid of them.

After the "Anonk-ite" and the girl crossed the river they came to a big tepee where this man lived. When they got home the man told the girl to look in his head. He had a few hairs but they were very long. When she looked in his head she found some little toads. As she found one she would kill it with two stones.

While she was looking in his head he went to sleep, so she tied all his hair to all the poles in his tepee. She tied just a few hairs to one pole and a few on another pole. She did this until she tied up all his hair. Then she ran away from him. When she came to a wide river—wider and deeper than the one they crossed first, she saw the man coming after her. As she couldn't cross the wide river the little beaver made a bridge for her. As soon as she went across the river the little beaver took the bridge down. The man was half way on the bridge when the little beaver took the bridge down, and as the river was deep the man was drowned.

The lady and her pet, the little beaver, got home safe. Her folks were very glad to see her as they did not know where she had gone. She married that other boy after she got home. Everybody was surprised to see her when she arrived, as they didn't know what had become of her. She was always happy after she married that boy.

THE INDIAN AND THE ELEPHANT.

By Ben Stagner, (Sioux.)

I will try and tell a story that my dear mother told me, although it has been a long time since she last told it. At any rate I will try.

Once there was a man that was friendless, and all he did was to rove. One day while traveling or looking for something to eat, he came to a large and deep river. He tried to cross it, but the force was so strong that he found it impossible. So as the day was very hot he found shade and rested under a large tree that grew by the river bank. There he sat and cried, for the side he was on had no food, while the other side was loaded with fruit. As he was sobbing and wishing, a large elephant happened to be coming that way and was to cross where the man had tried in vain. When the elephant saw the sad-looking man he offered to help him across. The man asked the elephant where he could sit so as to be safe while crossing. The elephant first asked the man to ride on his back, but the man was afraid of slipping off. Then the elephant told the man to ride on his trunk, but was afraid that the elephant would put his head down to drink and wash him off. Again the third time the elephant told the man to hang on his tail. "No," said the man, "for you will switch your tail and throw me into the river."

So the elephant studied a long time and was about to leave that man when the man thought of a smart plan.

He said to the elephant: "You swallow me and when you reach the other side just cough and I will come out." So the elephant swallowed the man and went across, but when he got on the bank he forgot to cough. He went and laid down and went to sleep. The man became angry. Having a knife of bone he cut the elephant open and went to find food. He told some Indians his story about about the elephant, then went on for he never stayed with anybody.

While he was going through the bushes he saw a lot of mice playing with their eyes. They would throw them up and make them drop in place again, and were trying to see which could throw them the highest. The man liked the game and asked if he could join them. So he joined the crowd and he wanted to throw his eyes the highest. So they showed him how and he threw them; they went a little too high and caught on a tree limb, so that left him eyeless. He became lost and wandered about, not knowing where he going.

One day the great spirit of ghosts spoke to the blind man and told him that he should make a circle and that he would stay in the circle and run around and if the blind man touched him he would see again. The blind man tried three days and at last did touch the spirit and his sight was restored at once. Then the spirit told him to go and teach all of the Indians that game, and that is the way the blindfold handkerchief game began.

INDIAN CEREMONY OF ADOPTION.

By Lenora Blandin (Potawatomi).

The time of the year is here [spring] when the Indians at home begin their yearly dances; or the gathering together to worship God.

There are many Indians who leave their homes and farms, to go and spend two or three weeks at the dancing grounds to perform their religious duties; while others will be making gardens or cultivating the fields. Later, when the summer months approach and the corn is in full sized stalks, they have what is known as the "Green corn dance." It is not that, but many have the idea that that is what is called.

Sometimes at these meetings there are different tribes from the south or north who come and join them and afterwards return home. Perhaps some member is given a drum, or a tom-tom as it is called.

Some years ago our Indians believed much in adopting children, men or women, after the death of some one member or relative in their family. Supposing some family lost a beloved daughter the mother in some months past would be preparing clothing, and presents of different sorts—all Indian articles. When she has everything all ready, some tobacco is sent to the parents of the girl whom they are going to adopt. If they accept the tobacco, then the messenger will state the place, and the time of the adoption. Generally it occurs in about four or five days afterward at the home of

those adopting. Invitations are sent to different people to attend the adoption; not written invitations, but young boys go on horseback, and take the word. Sometimes an adoption takes place at the dancing ground; ever so many people go to see it, but only those invited can go into the ring, and hear the sermon and attend the feast.

After the arrival of the family for the adoption, a whole day is spent in preparing for the big dinner the next day. Dinner falls late, for in the morning in a large wigwam or extended tent a sermon is preached before and after the meal. The mother adopting seats herself at one end of the wigwam, and then the girl with her relatives, and friends walk in. The girl seats herself by her adopted parents. After a short talk given by their elected speaker, generally an old man of good reputation, they commence to dress the girl. Sometimes some very pretty clothes are given her, such as beads, shawls, handkerchiefs, quilts, Indian bracelets, Indian blankets, moccasins, and rings, a work bag, and different kinds of goods for clothing, and ever so many sacks of flour. After she is dressed, painted, and a speech is given by the speaker, there is something like giving vows to cherish one another in their new relationship. After this the speaker smokes a long pipe, then the girl, and then others smoke after her, having the pipe passed to all present. Then comes the big dinner.

After the dinner and sermon, the girl arises; the women aid her to carry her belongings to her tent, she leading the way with downcast eyes, and soberly going into her wigwam. She gives many of her things

away, if she wishes, for the reason there is still another feast coming later, known as the "Return Feast," so by giving some things away, those to whom the presents are given generally at the next feast help to provide food or give mats, blankets or other things which are to be given to the adopters.

All the pretty things the girls gets this time she keeps. She is now a daughter of the family, though she doesn't have to live with them. Should her parents die they would be somewhat as her guardians.

When these feasts are given in the "Dancing Ring," there is more done, for they can have dances in which the women take part. 'Tis hard to describe how they dance. The women take short steps, something like little hops. Besides their dance they may perhaps have their customary games or sports.

These adoptions are gradually being laid aside, but I can remember when I was a little girl when there used to be so many. Now, only the very old Indians who have never been to school still give them, but not very often.

There is a feast known as the "Bean Dinner," though I do not know what the object is of giving it. It used to be the custom of the Indians to give it during some part of the year, which I cannot remember. At these feasts there are many little gem cakes made, and in some of these cakes, generally in two, a pretty good sized bean is placed. Different ways of icing the cakes are used, but at the same time they all look alike. These two little cakes are marked, and pains is taken in watching to see who gets them. Whoever does has to give a bean dinner the next time.

INDIAN BURIAL RITES.

By Julia Bongo (Chippewa).

The Indians before they ever knew anything about the white people's ways of burial had their way of burying their dead. When any one is dying they sing a song just as the person is drawing his last breath. One of the members of the family goes out and shoots up in the sky from time to time. They claim this is to show that the soul of the dying person is starting on its journey to the other life.

After death the body is taken and dressed. They paint the face with red or yellow powders and the hair is parted on the forehead. On this parting the paint is also daubed and then the body is wrapped in a blanket which serves as a coffin.

Then they are ready for the body to be taken out; the family of the dead are not allowed to take his body. The body is not passed out through the door but through the window, or they make an opening place for the body. It is believed by the Indians that the passing of a dead body through the door will bring death into that same house again before long.

They dig a grave just as the white people do, but the body is not laid out at full lenght in it, but it is set up like any living person would sit. Then they put at the feet a little pot or kettle, a drinking cup and some food. The Indians say this is for his lunch to eat on his way to the other world. A mat made of rushes serves

as a cover before the grave. Then the grave is covered over with earth and a little hill is made over it so as to show the grave. For a week or more his family goes to this grave with food and eats there. The Indians believe this dead person is eating with them.

After the burial is done they dance around the grave and beat the drum, called in the Indian language a wooden bucket, and then everything is over.



THE RABBIT AND THE FROG.

By Joseph Bebeau (Chippewa).

I've heard an Indian telling the following story about rabbits:

One day the chief rabbit was looking for something to eat. In the forest he had several narrow escapes for his life. He soon met another rabbit complaining that he also had a narrow escape for life. They held counsel for some time together about destroying their race because they were not any good. They said: "The people burn our bodies and dogs eat us alive and there isn't a thing in the world afraid of us." So they got together and all agreed to drown themselves just because there was nothing afraid of them.

After they all lined up the chief rabbit said: "We

will all go to the creek near by and jump in one by one; and he said he was going to take the lead.

When they got to the creek just as the chief rabbit was about to jump in he scared two frogs, which plunged into the water. Then he turned around and said to the next: "There is really something afraid of us after all, so we will go back in the woods and live as long as there is a frog living."



INDIAN STORY OF CINDERELLA.

By Maude Martin (Chippewa).

This story of Cinderella is very different from that given in the fable, but many incidents are the same calling her Cinderella, as her English name is now-a-days. We will find our Indian Cinderella living with her old grandma, who is very wise, near a large city. Cinderella was very young and beautiful. Her grandma was always trying to find her a fortune. In doing so she wanted to get rid of her. Cinderella was always a dirty, ragged girl beside the other girls, who made fun of her, and called her by the name Cinderella. Cinderella's father had left her with this old lady, who promised to take the very best care of her, when she was very small. He

went off to a far county to look for a new home after his wife died.

We will leave Cinderella for a while in her old place of poverty.

The father goes to a large city where he stays. One day as he went about in the surrounding country he came back into the city from a different direction. As he comes in he sees a beautiful building. He pulls his horse up near the house and shouts and then waits for a while. Very soon a beautiful lady comes out in a purple robe with two girls behind her who frown at him dreadfully.

Again we find him going back to his own country after his own daughter Cinderella, and on his way he buys beautiful dresses for her. While this father is on his way we will let him go on. And now to find what the old grandmother has been doing. There was word sent out by the king asking for a girl. Whoever brought the queerest and most valuable kind of wood would become his wife. The news came to the old lady. She at once went to work and got a lot of wood and dyed it in such a queer way that people could not tell where she got it, for she did not tell. After she had it all ready she tied it into a bundle so that Cinderella could carry it on her back. She then got Cinderella to go with this wood to the king, but another girl got there first, and was taken as the king's wife. But Cinderella got a reward for her wood. Her old grandmother took it and hid it in her anger at her failure.

Now Cinderella's father came to take her away.

They leave the old lady. As they go on her father tells her of her mother and the sisters who want her to come soon. They come to the new home which the little girl, Cinderella, does not want to enter, as she has lived in an old tepee always.

At the first sight of her beauty jealousy is caused on the part of her new sisters and mother. They put her to work thinking it would spoil her beauty. She walks a long distance for water every time any one wants a drink.

Now the time comes when the two sisters and father and mother go to the ball. She was compelled to stay and work till they came back, when she begged to go. The rest is as the fairy story tells of her.



INDIAN DANCES

By Nellie Damon (Navajo).

These Indians have their dances only when somebody is very sick. I have been to three kinds of dances. But I was quite interested in one that is called the Yei-te-beche. When the person is sick and has been sick for a while, they decide to have a dance or the Indian doctor will sometimes tell them what kind to have. At this dance they say that a man is appointed to go out

and find a scalp of another tribe. Of course I don't know if this is so, or just a saying.

About the first day they have Indians all masked and painted and go to all the homes of the people. Each one of these men has a large bag. Each person is supposed to give them something—food or money. They are always more thankful if you give them corn pollen, because they always use the pollen of the corn when they pray and in all ceremonies. These men even go as far as fifteen miles on foot. The provisions are brought to the place where the dance is to be given.

While these men are out the people begin to come. There is always a large number of them. The dance is now going on in a circle. There are branches of evergreens and cedar all around, where the dancers are dancing. In this dance no women take part. They dance day and night for four days.

While this is going on the ceremony is being performed in the door where the sick person is. In this place nobody is allowed unless they can be sober. You cannot even smile at a person when you enter the door until the ceremony is all done. In this door they have a large pile of yellow sand. This is damp, so it can be fixed like a hill. In these places they have small sacks shaped into different kinds of animals and they go through several kinds of tricks. This is just like a magician. The women who wish to can cook all day, so if there is anybody who is hungry, they can go to different places and get their food. But most of them take their own provisions for the family. The dance always

lasts four days. At these dances you will see as many horses as there are people. As you know, these Indians make blankets and different kinds of silver trinkets. You will see horses with silver bridles and different designs of beautiful blankets and you will see men and women wearing silver beads, belts, rings, ear-rings and bracelets. But the silver ear-rings are just worn by the old Indian men. The men have three ways of combing their hair and the women only one way.



THE STORY OF LITTLE BEAR.

By Rebecca Turcotte (Sioux.)

The Indians are said to have been very superstitious in their religious beliefs, somewhat like the Greeks of old.

This legend was told by a Sioux woman, and is supposed to be true. They supposed the thunder was the chief who had seven sons. These sons were very brave and warlike. These Indians lived in the clouds or were supposed to live in the skies somewhere. Whenever the chief was angry he spoke so loud that even the people on earth heard him.

They ate snakes and lizards and drank the water which was in their possession, so whenever the people on earth wanted rain they did not always get it. The

youngest son of the thunder was the favorite of the family. The chief never allowed his youngest son to leave the camp. But one day Little Bear (this was his name) went to a mountain and saw the beautiful earth in its splendor. He decided he would visit it so he altered himself to an eagle and flew down and down until he caught sight of a large circle of Indian wigwams, and then rested on the bough of a tree nearby. He watched every movement of the inhabitants. They wore feathers, beads, moccasins, and painted their faces; among them were many beautiful maidens. He saw among them one whom he thought was the most beautiful. He was very tired. When the sun started to sink in the golden west he thought he would attempt a visit to the Indian village so he again altered himself to his own being. The maiden he had seen entered a wigwam—the largest of all. She was dressed in the fashion of the village. Never did she dream that a pair of eyes were watching her. It was a custom of these Indians to sing war songs at sunset so if enemies were near they would know they were a brave people.

Little Bear dressed in his war suit went bravely to the village. He had with him a peace pipe and some bows and arrows, but it was not for war he went, but to make peace with the Indians. The Indian guards who guarded the village saw this stranger about to enter their midst and saw he had a peace pipe in hand. They took him to the chief. He tried to tell of his strange home but could not be understood. He made peace with his new friends. The chief set before him food

and water and told him to eat. He was not used to the food they gave him, but he tried to eat it, as it would be a great insult if he refused. The maiden and her relatives were there. As he arose to depart the maiden helped him up and opened the door and sang a song to welcome him back again. She made known her friendship by signs and told him to come back again.

Little Bear left the earth and entered his home. He told his father of all that he had seen. Every evening he visited the earth at sunset. One evening when the maiden's father was away Little Bear told his secret to her. He told her she must go with him, but she was undecided what to do for she loved her father. She was anxious to see the wonderful land he lived in. She told him to come and live on the earth with her, but he said he was to take his father's place in ruling the thunders. She saw him start in reluctance, and finally decided she would take all her loved ones with her and go with him. Thus they departed in a flock of eagles and soon again were in their personal form when they entered the happy hunting grounds as they called them. There they lived happy; no more wars with the Indians on earth.

NEW YEAR'S STORY.

By a Former Pupil.

Long ago, it was the custom of the Miami Indians to celebrate New Year's almost as much as Christmas. About two weeks ahead of time they began to make preparations for the feast and practice for their contests of skill with arrows, guns, or at racing. Just a week before New Year's day all the young men were well-armed and sent out in the forest to kill wild game to serve as an offering later on. They were not to return till New Year's day, when they might return as early in the morning as they chose, with loud shouts of "Happy New Year's" wishes and songs.

On New Year's eve all the old men would gather at some place decided upon beforehand, and there they would sing and dance and smoke, not eating anything at all. Then they would decide upon the most beautiful girl in face, form and heart in the tribe. After agreeing on that point, they would all dance and chant on their way to the wigwam of the girl's parents. Then her mother would rouse her and after decking her out quite grandly, she feeling very proud of her daughter, would take her out to the old men who received the shy maiden gallantly and conveyed her to a wigwam situated apart from the rest. They then built fires around near the wigwam and rolling themselves in their blankets, would chant themselves to sleep.

Next morning bright and early the air would be filled

with the shouts and songs of the young men, returning triumphant, loaded with game, eager to know whom the lovely maiden would choose for her lover and husband. At day break, everyone would be up, wishing each other "A Happy New Year," and the Indian women would begin to prepare for the great feast, which was one of the most important features of New Year's day. Yet, as hungry as everyone was, none ate until after a certain event happened, for this was the custom. When the young men came all the Indians congregated in a circle around the lovely maiden's wigwam, the young men forming the inner circle, with their game near them.

Then the young girl's father, or nearest male relative, would take her hand, and while the old men chanted a beautiful song to the low beat of the drum, the maiden modestly made her choice. When her choice was made, she stood chanting a sweet, soft melody which only the Indian maidens can sing, and when they understood her song and knew the one whom she loved, the happy young brave would run and place his offering at her feet. Then the oldest, bravest chief and her father made grand speeches praising girl and boy both and gave her to the young man.

The other young men gave their game and presents to the happy couple, and gifts would be exchanged between each other. Many would be the wishes and handshakings in this crowd of Indians. Then next would come the feast, thoroughly enjoyed by all, as Indians were not troubled with indigestion. After this all enjoyed the games and contests of skill which were entered into later on.

CHRISTMAS AMONG THE NEZ PERCE.

By Caleb Carter (Nex Perce).

When Christmas comes there are usually two camp-meetings among the Nez Perce Indians in Idaho—the religious and the heathen. Dinners are served at certain houses during the day where all are welcome—rich and poor alike. During the day let us visit the heathen camps and then come back after supper to the religious camp. When we get there we find that they are dressing up, men, women and children to take part in a dance called "Tokaywa." This dance comes from the ancient Nez Perce Indians, and was used by them in the winter only. The first one is regarded as May 30th among the pale-faces. They take out everything that has been handed to them from their grandfathers or grandmothers. This includes buffalo robes (genuine), war-bonnets, buckskin shirts, leggings, and elk-teeth dresses, many of which are at least from forty to sixty years old. The first dance is sad. All are mourning over their lost or the dead. Probably this is done to remind the poor widow whose husband took part in this dance a year ago but who now is dead. Women and girls are dressed in war-bonnets in this dance. While the dance is going on usually the chief will be in the center beating the drum four times in a long while. They have one special song for this, also handed down for generations to the very present day. In this song everybody will be crying. When this song is ended and the

dancing ceases then they can have any kind of dancing they want, as a war dance, a round dance, a spirit dance, or, as some call it, a ghost dance, and a siletz dance. The latter comes from the ancient Puget Sound Indians thought to be extinct. But the first two dances are preferred. Here they give many things away the same as at other festivals.

During a war-dance when anybody loses a feather or any ornament, some brave fellow must step in and pick it up. When the feather is lost suddenly the song changes into a commotion like the beating of a drum which represents a battle. And then they change off and all drummers and singers beat the drum together at the same time and the bucks go around in a big circle where this feather is. Then all of a sudden a brave steps into the middle and goes near this feather as if he was in a real battle. He walks around it two or three times and hits it with his hatchet or tomahawk. Here everybody yells as if they had won the fight. When everybody is seated he starts out and points in a certain direction where he took part in a war against some tribe and tells it all as it actually happened and he also tells what brave deed he did there or how many scalps he took that day.

All his deeds are marked down on his shield or on his body. An old time Sioux or Crow or any of those Northwestern Indians can understand it just like commercial students of Haskell Institute understand short-hand. When he is through they sing one song, usually one that has been handed down from generations.

When this song is ended the warrior steps out again, and gives money, blankets, or anything as an expression of thanks that he escaped death by a narrow margin. These presents he usually hands to the chief for him to give to some stranger from some other reservation.

Now we have enjoyed the day at the heathen camp and have seen some curious relics of the ancient Indians, not fakes but all genuine. Now let us go back in the evening and witness the program given by the religious Indians.

The young men of the church have been hard at work getting up the program as well as decorating the Christmas trees. No boy or girl goes home without a present, no matter how rich or how poor he may be. As this program is much like our own here at Haskell one can readily imagine it without my telling about it. Some of the old Indians gives speeches in their own language.

A closing hymn is sung, usually, a song translated by Doctor Spaulding, who crossed the Rocky Mountains with Doctor Marcus Whitman the same time Lewis and Clark made their famous expedition. And so the Christmas celebration ends.

HOW THE SNAKE HELPED AN INDIAN BOY.

By a Former Pupil.

Once upon a time there were four brothers. Their father and mother had died. The brothers wanted to get one of the chief's wives, for the chief of the tribe had two wives. Once the chief's wife went to get water at the river near the camp or village, so one of the brothers went and spoke to her and asked her for a drink. The squaw said, "No, the chief might get you;" but the man said, "Come, give me one," so this woman did. She went back to the camp and the chief was sitting outside of the tent, or tepee. When he saw her coming he said, "Give me a drink," so she gave him a cupful of water. He lifted it up and smelled it and said, "Some one's been drinking before me." She said nothing and took the water in the tepee. That night the chief sent worms to this fellow's tent and when they went to wake him up he was dead, but they knew nothing about how it happened. The chief killed all the brothers but one—the smallest one—so he went from home crying. After he got into the mountains he heard someone calling him, so he looked up and saw the thunder who asked him what was the matter. The boy told him and the thunder said: "Well, I can't do anything for he is my grandson." This boy went on and met the cyclone or tornado, and it asked what was the matter. The boy told the tornado the same thing, so the tornado said, "I can't do anything for you, for he is my grandson," and so the

boy went on crying. He met several things which said the same thing. At last he heard someone calling him. He looked around and saw a snake. The snake asked him what was the matter, so the boy told him. The snake said, "That is the man I hate," and he gave him one of his teeth and said: "When he calls you to smoke with him go and go around him and when you get behind him throw it in the tobacco." He also said: "Go to that man over there and get a hide with swallows drawn on it and in the night-time he will send worms to your tent if you get a drink from his wife. Stretch the hide over you and just as the worms touch you shake it."

This boy went home with the tooth and hide and that evening he went to talk to the chief's wife and asked her for a drink, but she said, "I cannot do it for he has killed all your brothers and now if I give you a drink he will kill you." But he said, "No, come on, give me a drink of water." So she gave him a drink, and when she took it back the chief did the same thing.

That night the chief sent worms to the Indian's tent or tepee. He heard them coming. After a while they came in the tepee. Just as one touched him he shook the hide which he had over him and the tepee was full of swallows and they ate all of the worms up. The next morning the Indian came out to breakfast. The chief was standing outside and said to his wife: "I thought that fellow was dead."

The next night the chief sent snakes. This Indian was lying the same with the hide over him, and when he heard them coming he got ready and just as soon as one

snake touched him he shook the hide again and the swallows did the same way. He came out again and the chief was out also.

That evening the chief called all the young men together and so this young Indian thought he would go. He got ready and took the tooth with him. When he got there the chief told him to come in. He did so, and started to go around him. When he got behind the chief he threw the tooth in the tobacco and took his place with the rest. When the chief started to fill up the pipe he stuck himself with the tooth and his hand started to bleed. He tried to stop it but he could not do it, so he looked to see what stuck him, but he could not find it. Then he told the young men to come the next night and so they all went home. The chief began to suffer from the tooth which stuck him. His arm began to swell up. He sent for this young Indian to come. He did so and he blew on his arm and the poison spread all over his body and that night he died. In the morning they found him.

WHAT THE TWO-FACED PEOPLE DID.

By Anna Carlow (Sioux).

Once when some Indians were at our place we told them to tell us a story, so they told us about two little Indian girls.

They said there were two little girls who lived with their mother who were very cross sometimes. Their mother used to tell them to be good, but they would not. So one time when they were bad their mother told them a story. She said there was a man who lived near in the creek who had two faces—one in front of his head and the other in the back. She said that he would take bad girls and make them live with him and would treat them badly. So one time one little girl got cross and the mother put her outside and told the two-faced man to get her. So he came and took her with him.

The mother felt very sorry afterward and so she hunted for her little girl until she had found her. When she found her she was sitting near the bank crying for her mother. When the man saw the mother coming he took her down under the water and hid her, but the mother went down in and got her.

The lady said she thought the place was just a hole in the ground, but when she went down in there she saw stairs that led down into a nice house under the water, which had lights burning all around and looked very nice. There were men, women and children who had two

faces. They were all glad to see her and let her take her child home and said that if she was bad again they would come after her.

The little girl told her mother of the place and said they treated her badly if she was not nice, and she said she learned to be good ever after. She said that when the people down there slept the two eyes in front were sleeping while the others were open to watch and see that no one came to destroy their nice home. The little girl told her mother she would be good, and she always was. The other little girl was very good after her sister was taken by this man.



CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION AMONG THE INDIANS

By Irvin Hunt (Pueblo).

Among the tribes of the Pueblos the Indians celebrate Christmas by a dance which they call "A Comanche Dance."

This dance is a War Dance, among these Indians, except they are peaceful and dance in a more graceful way than the War Dance is danced among other tribes of Indians.

The twenty-fifth of December the tribe called

"Acoma" commence their celebration of Christmas and it lasts four days. On Christmas night the Indians are up at midnight and ring the bells. They also build a large fire in front of the church. All the Indians then go to church on Christmas morning with their harps and whistles. The governor and his assistants stay in the church all morning till all the people come to church. They do this in remembrance of Christ's birth, and they have some men in the church to guard it all day. The people go to the altar and pray for themselves. Even the children are taught to say a prayer while going up to the altar. These Indians do not go to church like the "Paleface" who has to be in church at regular hours.

This first day corresponds to Christmas Day among the white people. The Indians of this tribe say that there is not much dancing on the first day, but there is on the second day. The Indian men have houses which have openings in the center of the roofs, where they have a ladder to go in and out. This place is where they hold many different ceremonies. Before Christmas there are men who are chosen as singers, and they have to gather so many men to teach them to sing songs. They would sing a song through once and they would learn it. They sit in a circle around a "tumtum." They make new songs every year. They have many dancers from these houses and they take turns in dancing.

On the second day the people have a great feast and invite one another to the feast. The dancers are dressed in buckskin and have on their best moccasins, beads and different silver ornaments which are made by them-

selves. Dancers paint their faces in various colors, and wear feathers; also war-bonnets on their heads. These dancers carry long poles with a long horse-tail on the end of it to represent a scalp. They have this horse-tail on the pole because they do not have any more scalps. Others have bows and arrows with sleighbells on the ends of their bows. The women take part in this dance. The women dancers are painted by the men dancers. They wear the softest feathers of an eagle on their hair and have their hands painted white. The men dancers must each have one of these women to dance with.

They dance in a circle and the singers beat a "tum-tum," following the dancers or sometimes a large drum made out of a carved log which is sometimes three or four feet long and a foot in diameter with a goat skin stretched over the ends. When the singers begin their songs the women dancers stand in a circle and the men dancers are in the middle giving war whoops. Then the dance begins. The men know where their places are, and they dance about twenty minutes with one of these songs. This dance goes on for three days, but the last day they have other dances and it is the biggest day for the Indians. After the four days' celebration of Christmas the Indian men of this tribe hold a meeting to elect a new governor; also other officers for the tribe and this goes on year after year among the "Acoma" Pueblos.

AN INDIAN HUNTER.

By Josiah Davis (Creek).

A long time ago, when this country was new, the Indians used bows and arrows and hatchets (tomahawks) in hunting. The Indians liked to go off and hunt. So a long time ago an Indian went hunting. He started in the evening. When he got to the place he was tired and hungry. He had killed squirrels on his way and when he had every thing fixed around where he went to camp he cooked his supper. He had several dogs with him and when he had supper ready, he gave some to his dogs. After he had eaten his supper, he made a big fire in order to keep himself warm. He sat by the fire straightening his arrows and fixing his bow, when he heard a loud cry as if some one was lost and calling for help. He stood up and listened, but he didn't hear any more voices, so he said to his dogs, "That is an owl trying to scare us." He was a brave old Indian and the country around his camp was nothing but forest and there was lots of game; lots of wolves, too. He sat talking to his dogs when all of a sudden he heard a noise. He jumped up and said: "Who are you and what do you want?" But there was no answer. He tried to make his dogs go after whatever it was, but the dogs did not dare to go in the dark. So this brave Indian went to see what it was. When he came to the place he did not find anything. He returned to his camp and sat there all night thinking that the wolf might try to get him.

Next morning he went hunting and killed lots of game, such as deer, squirrels, fox, and so on. He stayed there a good while, then decided he would go a little farther. So he packed up what he had and started to find a new camping place. He made his way by cutting the bushes, and when he found his camping place he put everything in order. The next morning he started out to hunt. He went several miles away from his camp when he came to another camp. There was a high hill and he sat on top of that hill and looked and saw the camp. He wondered whose it could be. He went to the camp and found two children, a boy and a girl. He asked them where the other folks were. The boy told him that everybody had gone hunting and had not returned yet. It was in the evening and he thought he would return to his camp, but the two children begged him to stay with them through the night, so he did. Next morning he was going back to his camp, and told the children he would come near the place and make his camp. The other hunters did not return and the children were afraid to stay, but he left them and went on his way to the camp.

He came back to his camp safe and found the camp was all right. He decided to stay at his old camp through the night. Just as he did before he made a big fire and he sat there by the fire fixing his arrows and bows. As he sat there he heard some one whistle. He jumped up and stood there singing his war song when he heard some one say "Stop." He stopped and said: "Who are you? Come and I'll put your body into the river and you will be soon in the happy hunting ground."

Then he saw a short little fellow coming. He said: "So you are trying to scare me out of my camp." This little fellow said nothing, but came and stood by the fire. The little man had long hair. He started to say some funny words to him and this brave man did not know what to do. He sat there and thought how he could make the little fellow go. While he sat there, there was a noise in the woods and when this little man heard it he jumped up and started off. After a while a tall man came to the camp with a long whip. He had lots of dogs with him. These dogs were coons, pole cats and all of the small animals. This tall man asked this Indian where the little fellow went to and he told him where he had gone. The tall man told him not to stay in the same place through the night. He said this little man would bother him in the night. This tall man is said to be the king of all the Brownies. He lives in the woods and up in the mountains. This is believed by the old Creek Indians. They call this man "Tall man." The old Indians say that this man is still living and that he can sit on top of a tree and put his feet on the ground. The coons, foxes, pole-cats and all of the dog-like animals are his dogs. If you kill too many coons or foxes this man will whip you with his whip and cut you into. This is believed among the Creek Indians. Almost every Creek child has heard this story. If it is not this story they have heard something about the tall man.

The next morning the Indian started for the camp he had found. He got lost on the way and made his camp near to the river. The tall man came to him again

and found him. And this brave old Indian hunter told him about the camp he had found. The tall man told him that this little fellow was always playing some jokes on every hunter that came to the place. So these were not children at all as he thought they were, but they were only the family of this little fellow. These two children tried to make him stay so when the little man came back they would kill this Indian. So he turned and went the other way. The tall man went and gathered all his people together and told them he would find this little man and kill him. They all agreed to do this. The little fellow found it out and went off. The little fellow never has been caught yet. When in the evening you hear a big noise in the woods as if someone is calling for help the old Creek Indians say "There goes that little fellow." This the Creeks believe yet. The Creeks say that when this little fellow is caught it will be the last day of the world. This is still believed among the old Indians.

Lots of other things happened to this Indian while he was out hunting, but I am not able to tell it all, for I have forgotten some of the things that happened. I do not know whether other Indians have heard it before or not. This is an old story which is told many, many times by the Creek Indians. This hunter was a warrior, and was a great man among his tribe. This is of course not a true story, but is only a fable, as we might call it. But old Indians tell this story when they are seated by the fire.

CUSTOMS AMONG THE SIOUX INDIANS.

By Emily Robertson (Sioux)

The Sioux Indians have many ways of feasting and worshiping. They give a feast when a baby is born, and again when a person dies they have a feast, but they are much alike and only a person who knows can distinguish the difference. It seems strange, does it not, that they should have the same, or nearly the same, kind of festivities for both the sad, and joyful occasions? When a feast is given for a baby the one who has named the child is considered the honored guest, and he or she is supposed to bring most of the food for the feast, besides bringing lovely presents to the baby. They celebrate and have a jolly time.

But when a feast is given for the dead, it is altogether different. All the guests or friends of the dead come dressed in black, and sometimes the men have little or nothing on their arms and legs, and these are all cut with knives—that is, if they are relatives of the person for whom they are mourning. I have seen even women cut themselves with knives and very near every time the women cut their long beautiful hair off close to the head.

One time, so long ago I can hardly remember it, the Indians were all camped in a circle around the station where their rations were issued to them (twice a month), and a man rode through the camps calling out in a loud voice that White Elk's (one of the prominent Indian

men's daughter) had died and he wanted everybody to go over there. This man was the girl's uncle and he had cut his arms and legs all up so that they were bleeding badly. He thought that by doing this, he could show his sympathy for the sorrowing, bereaved parents.

One time, too, a family lost a little boy that was the pet of the whole camp. The whole family cut their hair—you see even the men have long hair—then they gave everything that belonged to the little boy away, but the horse he used to ride. That they took to the grave with the body and after the usual funeral services they performed some ceremonies over the horse and finally shot it there by the grave. They thought that he would need it to ride. They also believe that the soul rests in the tomb so many days before going to the next world, and during this time they fast.

The Sioux Indians are not allowed to dance the sun-dance any more, but they used to dance it long ago. They would put up a pole inside of a large tent that had no top, or rather there was a big hole in the top so that the sun could be seen, and on top of the pole they would put a buffalo skull or anything else they wanted to worship. The men who were to dance would cut a slit in the flesh on the shoulder and put a stick through this gash in their flesh and sometimes this would be fastened to the pole, and then they would dance around the pole three whole days without stopping looking up at the sun all the while, except when it went down of course. Every little while the women folks would come

in bringing all manner of good things to eat, but the men only blessed them and did not eat. I am glad I have never seen this barbarous way of worshiping, but I have heard of worse things than that.

One custom that the Indians still keep is that of the "Red Penny." They have a penny that is kept in a beaded bag and a committee is appointed to give it to a certain person of a family. Then this person a year after is supposed to give a large feast and give away horses and all sorts of beaded work, such as they make themselves, and they usually have a big time over it. But even this custom is dying out and soon it, too, will be forgotten.



THE MEDICINE MAN.

By Mary M. Chase (Chippewa).

The Indians have their doctors, too, as well as the white man, and have their way of healing the sick by roots and different kinds of herbs. The Indian medicine man receives his calls from the person who is to be doctored, presenting him with tobacco, and some article of clothing or pottery. But first of all tobacco must be given to him, as it is believed by these medicine men that tobacco is one of the most pleasing gifts to the Great Spirit, and without it the medicine man could not exercise his powers.

The wigwam in which this is being done, both within and without, must be kept very quiet. A blanket is spread on the ground on which the patient is laid; then the performances begin.

First, the medicine man sings a song and tell his dreams. These medicine men claim to get their power of curing the sick from certain animals that they dream about, such as the tortoise, the bear, the lion, and other wild animals. But above all the thunder is the great giver of healing power.

While the medicine man sings he holds in his hands a little drum or rattle, shaking it vigorously, striking his breast and sides, first to the right, then to the left, then beating his back, singing all the while, and blowing in the face of the patient and whistling now and then. The medicine man now takes out two or three little flat bones which must be the bones of some animal he claims favors him in his dreams. These little flat bones are a little over an inch long and about an inch wide. He takes these one by one, swallows them, and brings them up again. This he does a number of times, after which he uses another article—a little horn—with which he blows on the chest of the patient, and sometimes claims that some kind of a worm, feather or quill is obtained by doing this. He begins singing again as he did at first, but this time rings a string of little bells, and all is over. The medicine man then tells whether the patient will live or die.

CHRISTMAS AMONG THE PAPAGO INDIANS.

By H. E. Rafael (Papago).

About nine miles south of Tucson, Arizona, is located a reservation called San Xavier, which is supposed to be above all the Papago villages. Here on this reservation stands a large Catholic church which is used by all Catholics. This large church is usually decorated with lights on Christmas eve. All those by the name of Jose have a place arranged by itself where they meet on Christmas evening, and pray all that night.

Here in this house at one end of the building an altar is placed and decorated with flowers and candles. Saints are also placed on the altar; right in front of this altar a place is decorated with finest cloth and in this place lays a baby representing our Lord, and everybody has a right to see him.

At midnight the church bells will ring, guns are fired and the baby is visited by the spectators. Candies of all kinds are passed by the people in charge of the feast. If no candy is bought something else is passed in place of candy.

This Christmas feast among the members of my tribe is similar to the one that occurs on December 3. This only lasts one day and one night but is enjoyed by the dancers.

Among the villages are often found persons who can dance by themselves. They have their own things, such as belts fixed up nice, and from these belts hang short

strings about five or six inches long, and on the ends of each string are tied some kind of ornaments which jingle like sleigh bells. These Indians are often called upon to dance for them. Some of these men just like to dance because sometimes a young girl is called upon to dance with him. So when he is called upon he goes off to his place and gets ready. In a little while he comes back with painted face and sometimes with a mask on. Down on his ankles he ties some things which make a noise like the rattle of a rattlesnake.

These kind of dances are very common to the Papago tribe. As soon as they see the man coming they begin to yell and urge him to do so and so, especially when he begins to dance. As he is dancing he makes funny motions so as to make the people laugh at him. Sometimes a girl gets up and dances with him without being told.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL AMONG INDIANS.

By Julia Seelatsee (Yakima).

I will try to tell of the way the Indians spend their Christmas on the Yakima Reservation. Of course this only refers to the Indians who have not yet been civilized—those who still cling to their old Indian ways and customs.

Their religious belief is entirely different from the white people's. They believe there is no such thing as God, but they think that there is a heaven, and every one who goes there is equal; there is no one to look up to. But anyhow on Christmas they have a good time. The men during the hunting season kill deer, bear and other animals and some move to the Columbia River to dry and salt salmon.

The women in the spring go out digging roots. There are ever so many kinds; some are good, too. They gather all kinds of berries and dry them and put them up. Then on Christmas day they all bring them to a "long church;" they call it the "Bom-bom" church. Here they do their cooking. They boil almost everything they cook. They have their Indian bread made of roots, which in their own tongue they call "a-moe-mell." The bread is in a round form, about the size of a small marble. The roots, when dug and washed, they pound and mold into different shapes. Then it is dried in the sun. After it is dry it is just as crisp and looks so white. Sometimes they put sugar in it to make it taste sweet.

Well, when everything is prepared, they set the table on the ground and they all squat around.

Before they begin eating, usually the chief makes a little speech. After he has finished they begin eating in this manner: They first eat the salmon, till that is all gone; then the meat of deer, bear or whatever it may be; then the roots, then the berries and last comes water. On great occasions they don't use coffee, but take water instead.

After their dinner is over they dance all kinds of dances. Some of them are very pretty to witness, especially when they are dressed in their native costumes. They also sing some pretty religious Indian songs.

This dancing and singing goes on for almost two weeks after Christmas. Every year Christmas is celebrated in this manner.



A CHIPPEWA BELIEF.

By Thomas St. Germaine (Chippewa).

Some fifteen years ago a fat little Indian boy could be seen running around his father's flag-pole, which stood in front of the house as an emblem of peace and good-will given by the Great Spirit, Gi-sha-manito. The house was no more than an old-fashioned log cabin. His father was a close observer of all the religious ceremonies of the Indians. One form of worship was called the medi-

cine dance, which consisted of singing, dancing and feasting and lasted three or four days at a time. Whenever these dances occurred the boy was a happy participant.

About this time his mother having seen in him the longing for an education, took advantage of the kind and generous offer of the government and sent him to one of the large schools. There for the first time in his life he heard about Jesus from a preacher, who came every Sunday to the school to talk to the pupils. He tried hard to find out all about this wonderful character, who seemed so good and loving. When he got home he told his mother about it and even made his resolution that some day he would follow the white man's religion.

His mother, however, discouraged him, saying that since he was born an Indian and had the religion of the Great Spirit sealed upon him through certain ceremonies when he was a little papoose, he would surely lose his soul. His mother would say, "When the white man dies his soul goes to his god just the same as the soul of an Indian does when he dies. There are two gods, the white man's god and our god, and if you break the laws of our religion by adopting that of the white man and try to enter where their souls go they will not take you in, but will say I know you not, for you do not belong here and must go to your god where your people go when they die and where you belong, and when you get there they will tell you the same thing, and what will you do then? You will not be able to do anything but to wander and wander until you will be obliged to go to a certain place in search of rest, but where you will find

none. Instead you will find an ugly man with a long tail, long claws on his fingers and a trident in his hand, standing by an ever boiling caldron, turning the lost souls of men, who are there boiling forever and ever."



WHY RABBITS HAVE PROMINENT EYES.

By James Norris (Iowa).

Once upon a time there lived a rabbit with his grandma, and so one day he told her he was going to give a feast and he went out hunting and he killed a deer and brought it home. His grandmother skinned it and cooked some of it. He told her to go outside and stay out there until they went home. She was old and did what her grandson wanted her to do and he sat in the tent.

The rabbit told her there was going to be a race and he thought a one-eyed fellow was going to come out ahead and told her to stand where she could catch him as he came to the end of the track, because he had a great many ponies and other stuff. So she said she would, and went back behind the tent and sat down.

In those days the tents were made of buffalo hide, and the door was made of the same kind of stuff. So he sat down by the door and began to eat. He had a long stick with which he would lift the door and drop it, just as if someone came in and let it drop. He would talk to

himself just as if he was talking to somebody. He did this until he ate everything up; then he called his grandmother to come and eat what she could find.

"Well," he said, "they are going to run that race and I must go, too." So he went and when he got to the starting place he took one of his eyes out and wrapped it up with leaves and put it in a little bush and started. He was all by himself and he went running as hard as he could run and yelling just as if there was a big gang of them coming. As he got in sight he saw his grandmother waiting for that one-eyed fellow to win the race and he came in and the old lady grabbed him. He said "I will give you two ponies if you will let me go," so she did, but did not get them because it was her grandson. She did not know him because he had only one eye.

When he went back to get his eye it was gone. A mouse got it and he could not find it, so he put an acorn in its place. They say that is the reason rabbits' eyes bulge out like they are now, because that one rabbit did that. Only one rabbit spoiled the looks of all the rabbits by putting that acorn in his eye.

This was told me by an old Indian a long time ago when I was very small. That Indian was an uncle of mine.

AN INDIAN THANKSGIVING.

By Eugene McCauley (Chippewa).

When the Indians have a Thanksgiving the chief invites all of the braves and warriors of his village to come and have a feast with him. When they are all there the chief assembles them in a circle and then he stands up and gives a speech. Then some of the braves give short speeches. After the speeches are over the small Indian boys and girls act as waiters and bring each Indian a bowl of soup and some meat, and the feast begins.

The Indians come dressed in their best buckskin suits and feathers. They talk, joke and make merry, and tell stories while they eat. After they have had enough to eat the chief fills his peace-pipe and takes a puff and blows it from him, then takes another and blows it upward to the sky. Then he passes it on. It is considered by the Indians very impolite to laugh, talk, or even smile while this ceremony is going on. After the pipe has been around the circle the chief takes it and smokes awhile in silence, then he gets up and says some prayers while everyone sits as still as a mouse.

After the prayers the Indians have a little time to fix themselves up and look around the village. When the chief beats on a drum all the Indians come and sit in a circle the same as before. Then a squaw brings a large drum into the circle and some of the braves sit around the drum and sing to the Great Spirit. One In-

dian at a time gets up and begins to dance. The dance is not like a war dance, but everyone is silent except those who beat the drum and sing. They do not dance fast and wild, but slow and solemn. Sometimes the squaws and children take part in the dance. They dance for four or five hours and one by one they drop out until there is no more dancing. Then the Indians stop singing and put the drum away.



THE MESSAGE THE FIREBALLS BROUGHT.

By Ella McCauley (Winnebago).

In one of the beautiful valleys along the Missouri lived the tribe of Indians called the Winnebago. Among these Indians years ago there was a brave and handsome young man. He had just married a beautiful young maiden and they thought a great deal of each other. One day there was a great battle with another tribe that was always at war with this tribe. All the men were gathered together to get ready for battle. This young man joined the war party. When the men were starting away all their wives, sisters and mothers cried and felt very sad because they thought they would never see the men again.

Before the men started they told the women that on the evening of the fourth day after they had left to all sit

outside the tents and that they must have some of the clothes that belonged to the men near them and at a certain time they would know whether their husbands were killed or not. Anyway they must all do as they were told to do and there would come to them some little round balls of fire, which were the spirits of these men. If one of the balls of fire passed over a man's clothes then they would know that he was killed, but if these little fireballs came and lit on the clothes then they were not killed.

And that evening at the time appointed by the men, as the women were all sitting outside their tents with some of the clothes that belonged to their men they saw the fireballs coming a long distance off. They came very fast and when they got to the clothes they stopped. So the women were all glad for they knew that their husbands were all living. But no fireball came to this young woman's bundle of clothes, so she began to feel uneasy about it. At last they saw it coming very slowly all by itself, and it came nearer and nearer, and then it passed right over its clothes and went on beyond the tent into the darkness and was lost to sight. Then she knew that her husband was dead and when the other men came back they told her he had been killed that very evening. She began to weep and did not care for anything.

PAPAGO LEGEND OF ANCIENT TIMES.

By Jose Lewis, Pablo Narcha and Jose Antonio (Papago).

In the Papago tribe they have many legends and traditions which are handed down from father to son. Perhaps the longest and most prized is the one in which Sii-hah is the prominent character. About once a year different Indians will go to one of the old men and ask him to tell this story and he appoints a night when all may gather to hear it. These Indians never tell stories in the daytime, but always at night. There are different versions of this legend, as one hearer remembers one thing and another a different part, although it is claimed the old men tell it always one way. The following version was written by Jose Lewis, a Papago student at Haskell, assisted by Pablo Narcha and Jose Antonio, who say there is but one old man left in their branch of the tribe who can relate the entire legend:

This legend is dated way back before the flood and has been handed down from one generation to another. It is very long, as it is interwoven with many songs appropriate for the occasion. It usually takes the narrator from three to four whole nights to complete it. The writer finds it difficult to tell the whole story or legend in a limited space so will just tell some of the principal events.

Many, many years ago, so the legend goes, there was born a boy. This boy at an early age began to show signs of becoming an extraordinary man among his people. He

excelled his playmates in all their sports. When he became a man he could do things better than any other person. He was a better medicine man and a better hunter. He possessed powers that no other person had. Because of his wonderful powers he was envied by his fellow tribesmen. The people at this time were accustomed to have many dances. To these dances the man with wonderful powers would come and would join in the dances.

As time passed the jealousy of this fellow-man grew to a climax and they decided to execute him. So super-human was this man that on the fourth day after the execution he was around among his people, sound and strong as ever, and not even complaining about the cruel deed his own people had done. Again he was put to death, but to their surprise, he was among them again at the end of four days. A third execution was necessary at which time they went so far as to have the corpse roasted before they threw it away.

Three years had passed and Sii-hah's people had forgotten all about him, although there were his bones, bleached and broken, and often the playthings of the children. The fourth year arrived and was almost half spent when one day as the children were out at play they noticed that a peculiar weed had sprung up among the man's bones. They were astonished at the rapid growth of the weed, but did not realize that it was the beginning of their long-lost friend. The next morning dawned and the children anxious to see how tall the weed had grown were out early. But to their surprise in-

stead of the weed they beheld the same man whom they had long forgotten. After a short and pleasant talk with the children he commanded them to go into their houses and tell their parents to all come and hear him say a few things to them. A great congregation was soon secured. The old man, yes, he was quite an old man by this time, arose and began: "Fellow men, I think you all know who I am. I have been in all portions of the world and have found no more cruel people than you are. The time has now come that I will leave you, but I shall not be gone long. At the end of four years I will visit you again at which time you may expect to receive the reward of your deeds." Saying these words he stretched his arms toward the sun, and after mumbling some mysterious words he sank into the earth. The congregation returned to their homes meditating and wondering what the old man meant by saying "at which time you shall expect to receive the reward of your deeds."

It is strange to say, that although at such a remote period in their history that barbarism was said to be the most conspicuous thing about them, yet they seemed to have some knowledge of geography. They knew that this earth is not as flat as it seems and that there were people on the other side. The story goes that when the old man sank into the earth he went through it until he arrived on the other side, where he at once assembled the people and told them the conditions among the people on the other side; their cruelty and how he was murdered four times. Finally he proclaimed that his object in

coming to them was to persuade them to help him exterminate those people. So unanimous was their answer in favor of doing this that they at once began to prepare for war.

Three years passed and the fourth year set in and found them all equipped for the journey and the war. One bright morning in the early part of the fourth year they began their journey in a direction so that they should reach their destination from the east. At the head of this great army was the old man.

At that period of animal history it is said that all the animals and man also had but one language. Of course this means that any bird, insect or wild beast could communicate with any human being. The coyote was something like that of Loki told in one of the stories of the old Norsemen of "The Heroes of Asgard," and was a great mischief-maker. Sometimes through his acts of mischief something would go wrong. Toward the end of the year in which they left their home on the other side of the world the travelers reached their destination, and it is said that the coyote on seeing the great army marching with their equipments of all sorts, baskets, cooking utensils of every kind marching also behind them laughed at them. The laughing of the coyote at those things caused them to begin a new epoch that extends to the present day—the effect of his laugh was that all their equipment stopped marching and from there had to be carried.

The war was soon begun. Strange to say it lasted only one month, but not a single soul of those who former-

ly inhabited this country was left. It will be remembered here that while the war lasted only one month it must have lasted almost three years, considering that their day was about long as our month.

After conquering the whole country most of the people settled in what is now the Gila Valley, and the rest were scattered around there. They lived here for many years, and during these years many incidents of importance occurred. It is said that up to this time there was no such thing as sickness. It happened that a certain man having become tired of living commanded his fellow men to bury him alive; but before he was buried he told them that a certain feather should be left standing on his grave and that notice would be given that no man, fowl, insect, nor beast should ever remove that feather. Being an obtrusive insect the beetle, after scorning and ridiculing the warning, went and pulled up the feather. Thus this act of the beetle introduced the beginning of all sickness. The introduction of sickness brought up the question of the mortality or immortality of man. It was argued that every living being after dying would come to life again at the end of four days. A meeting was called at which was gathered representatives of every thing of its kind. After a long discussion on the question every representative except one agreed that every living thing should be immortal. It was the beetle who did not agree with the rest. His speech contradicting the agreement was this: "You all see how small I am. If man is to be immortal, I do not think it would be safe for us insects to crawl around for

our food. Men would soon be so crowded that they would crush us with their feet." Of course this settled the question and man is mortal.

It came to pass that the people had drifted back to the ways of their predecessors and had become as wicked as they were. This greatly displeased the Great Spirit and he determined to destroy them by a flood. But before he did he sent warning to the great man who had led these people for many years. On the day previous to the day of the flood this wonderful man was at work making a jar out of a wax which is obtained from a certain bush. These bushes are now very numerous on the mountains of the west. The coyote, having heard of the coming disaster, appeared at the home of Sii-hah and found him making the jar. He questioned Siihah for what purpose the jar was going to be. Sii-hah answered that it was going to be his house during the approaching flood. The man told the coyote that in the far west, on the shores of the great sea, grew certain plants and if he would run to the place and get a joint of one of them, he would fix it up for him to serve the coyote similarly to his waxen jar. This was soon accomplished and the two were well equipped to meet the flood.

A very zigzag mountain range having one of its extremes several miles north of the city of Tucson in Arizona, and running in a northwestern direction, is called by the Indians the Crooked Mountain. On one of the highest peaks of this Crooked Mountain one will find a level spot marked here and there with boulders that resemble men, women and children in many positions.

The story goes that when the flood came some of the people climbed this peak and when the water was about to reach them they prayed to the Great Spirit to turn them into stones so that they would not feel the agony of drowning. The Great Spirit responded to their prayer. The rocks mentioned are the remains of those people.

When the flood was over all the persons left were Sii-hah and the coyote. Seeing that a new creation of man was necessary the Great Spirit, or God, with the aid of those left, created other races of men, which are said to be the present existing races.



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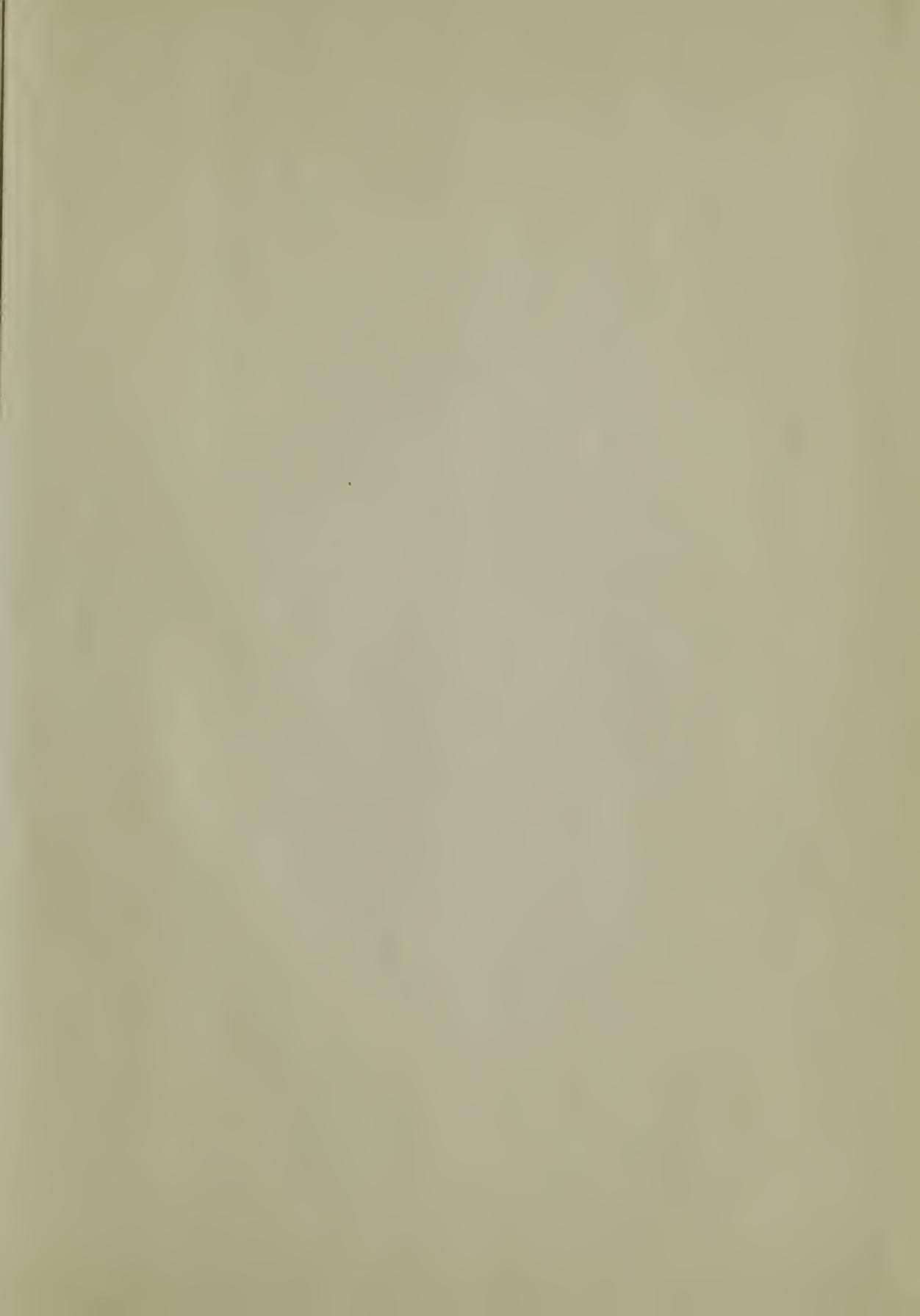
Where—At Lawrence, Kansas, a central point, convenient to the States having the greatest Indian populations. It is on the main line of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe and of the Union Pacific. Lawrence is also but forty miles from Kansas City, a great railway center and the business metropolis of the middle west.

Why—Because the people of this country believe that an education is the heritage of every boy and girl in the land. Since thousands of Indian young people do not have adequate school facilities at their homes, the Government provides Schools like Haskell Institute.

Its Aim—Character building, accompanied by practical vocational training which will fit for intelligent citizenship and honorable self-support.

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Further Information—This may be had by addressing the superintendent. The school publishes a number of bulletins, a weekly paper, a monthly magazine, etc., which give more complete information.



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